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(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENTS OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

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THERE is little reason to doubt, that Ireland, from the fifth to the ninth century, enjoyed a greater share of the blessings resulting from industry, laws, and literature, than any other country in western Europe during the same period. Public tranquillity was not disturbed by foreign invasions, and domestic peace was preserved by the influence which Christianity maintained over a simple and enthusiastic people. The successive invasions of the Danish pirates made a lamentable change; the spirit of the people, and their imperfect civilization, sunk beneath the ferocity of these barbarous corsairs. Even the restoration of national independence failed to remedy these evils; Brian Boiromhe, the only leader who possessed sufficient influence and sufficient wisdom to bring order out of confusion, fell with the greater part of his family in the field of Clontarf; and thus the victory that ensured Irish freedom, destroyed the last chance of Irish prosperity. "There was no longer any king in the land. Every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Every chieftain, from the ruler of a province to the possessor of a domain less than the territory of a German baron, assumed the power, the privileges, and even the title of royalty. Even if he paid nominal obedience to a superior lord, an annual tribute or an annual battle settled the claim; but within his own district, he exercised despotic authority. The English, or rather Anglo-Norman invasion, made little or no change in this system; the British monarch had the title of Lord Paramount, but his authority was merely nominal. The Norman adventurers conquered without the king's aid, and were firmly resolved to govern without his interference; they ceased to be British barons, and became Irish chieftains; and so smitten were they with the pride and sway of the *Carfinny's*, or leaders of tribes, that some of the most powerful, such as the De Burgos, the Geraldines of Kerry, and the Berminghams of Atherry, renounced the English language, laws, and usages, assumed Irish designations, and moulded their motley followers into the form of Irish tribes.

A level district round Dublin, including only part of the counties of Louth, Meath, Kildare, and Dublin, was called the Pale, and was nominally subject to English law; but even from this limited district, a portion must be excepted as border land, in which a mixed code of English, Irish, and Martial law, with such points of honour as are recognized among freebooters, was allowed occasionally to suspend decisions by the sword. The civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster weakened, or rather nearly

annihilated, the English authority in Ireland; when the Lords of the Pale resolved to support Lambert Simnel, they tendered their aid rather as independent princes than loyal subjects. Henry VII., after having vanquished the impostor, sent over Sir Richard Edgecomb to receive the submission of the lords and prelates of the Pale; this officer drew up an account of his reception, which was published by Harris from the MSS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, about the middle of the last century. From this document, it appears that Henry VII. only expected the allegiance of some towns on the sea coast, and within the Pale; and it further appears, that the lords within these narrow limits, made use of every possible artifice to retain the privilege of rebelling when they pleased.

Henry VIII. was the first British monarch who formed a feasible plan for establishing English supremacy in Ireland; his reign was the first great crisis in the calamitous history of that country, but until the publication of the present volumes, there was a very scanty supply of materials for examining the policy of his measures. We must first investigate the social and political condition of Ireland, when Henry began to direct his attention to securing that kingdom, using as our authorities, the important paper on 'The State of Ireland,' for the first time published in this volume, and Baron Finglas's 'Breviat of the getting of Ireland, and of the Decaie of the same,' in Harris's collections; they are contemporary documents, and illustrate each other.

The writer on the 'State of Ireland' describes in forcible language the division of the country into Septs, and its calamitous results.

"Who lyste make surmyse to the King for the reformation of his Lande of Irelande, yt is necessarye to shewe hym thestate of all the noble folke of the same, aswell of the Kinges subjectes and Englyshe rebelles, as of Iryshe enmyes. And fyrst of all, to make His Grace understande that ther byn more then 60 countreyes, called Regyons, in Ireland, inhabtyd with the Kinges Iryshe enmyes; some region as bygge as a shyre, some more, some lesse, unto a lytyll; some as bygge as halffe a shyre, and some a lytyll lesse; where reygneith more then 60 Chyef Capytaynes, whereof some callyth themselves Kynges, some Kynges Peyres, in ther langage, some Pryncies, some Dukes, some Archdukes, that lyveth onely by the swerde, and obeyeth to no other temperall person, but only to himself that is stronge: and every of the said Capytaynes makeyth warre and peace for hymself, and holdieth by swerde, and hath imperiall juryisdiction within his rome, and obeyeth to noo other person, Englyshe ne Iryshe, except only to suche persones, as maye subdue hym by the swerde."

He then describes the Irish custom of *Tanistry*, which was the pregnant source of cruel civil wars. A Tanist was a person elected immediately after the accession of a chief, as his successor in the government. Hereditary right was limited to the family,

but not to the individual; consequently, every member of a royal or noble house could aspire to become a Tanist, and every election was a scene of violence that rarely ended without bloodshed.

"Also, the sonne of eny of the said capytaynes shalle not succede to his fader, withoute he be the strongiest of all his nation; for ther shalbe none chief capytayn in eny of the said regions by lawfull succession, but by fort mayne and election; and he, that hath strongyst armye and hardelyst swerde among them, hath best right and tyttill; and by reason therof, ther be but fewe of the said regions that be in pease within themselves, but comynly rebellyth alwaye against ther chyeff capytayne."

This barbarous custom was also adopted by the Anglo-Norman settlers:—

"Also, ther is more then 30 greates capytaynes of thEnglyshe noble folke, that folowyth the same Iryshe ordre, and kepeith the same rule, and every of them makeith warre and pease for hymself, without any lycence of the King, or of any other temperall person, saive to hym that is strongiest, and of suche that maye subdue them by the swerde."

The condition of the great body of the people under such circumstances, was miserable in the extreme; the taxes paid by the vassals under the name of "coin and livery," were regulated by the caprice or necessities of the lord; while those who resided within the Pale, had not only to pay taxes to their immediate lord, but also to the king, and to the chiefs of the plundering tribes in their neighbourhood.

"And so, what with the extortion of coyne and lyverye dayly, and wyth the wrongfull exaction of ostering* money, and of carriage and cartage dayly, and what with the Kinges greates subwyde yerely, and with the said trybute, and blak rent to the Kinges Iryshe enmyes, and other infynyt extortions and dayly exactions, all thEnglyshe folke of the countyes of Dublyn, Kyldare, Meathe, and Uryell† ben more oppresyd, then any other folke of this lande, Englyshe or Iryshe, and of worse condycion be they athysyde, then in the marches."

The author dwells at great length on the evils that result from such oppressions of the commonalty; he argues with great strength for the truth of the proverb, "as the comyn folke fareith so fareith the king," which he interprets, "riche comyn, riche king; poore comyn, a poore king." But he adds an extraordinary piece of reasoning, from which, we are induced to believe the author to have been the Panderus whose *Salus Populi* is noticed in Sir James Ware's list of Irish writers, so characteristic of the age and nation, that it must not be omitted:—

"The premisses consydyrd, the Pander shewyth in the fyrst chaptre of his booke, callyd 'Salus Populi,' that the holly womman, Brigitta, used to inquire of her good Angell many questions of secrete dyvine, and among all other, she inquyrd, 'Of what Chrystyn lande was most sowles damned?' The Angell shewyd her a lande in the weste parte of the worlde. She in-

* *Ostering*, a corruption for *hosting*; he means money to defray the expenses of a military expedition.

† *Uryell*, now called the county of Louth.

quyrid the cause whye? The Angell sayde, for ther the crystyn folke dyeth moste oute of charytie. She inquiryd the cause whye? The Angell sayde, for ther is moste contynual warre, rote of hate and envye, and of vyceis contrarie to charytie; and withoute charytie the sowles cannot be saved. And the Angell dyd shew tyll her the lappes of the sowles of crystyn folke of that lande, howe they fell downe into Hell, as thik as any halle shewrys. And pytty therof movied the Pandar to consayn his said booke, as in the said chaptre playnly dothe appere; for, after his opinion, thus is the lande that thAngell understode; for ther is no lande in this worlde of so long contynual warre with himself, ne of so greate shedeing of crystyn blodde, ne of so greate rubbing, spoyling, praying, and burneing, ne of so greate wrongfull extortion contynually, as Ireland. Wherfor it cannot be denyed by very estymation of man, but that the Angell dyd understande the lande of Ireland."

The causes of the evils that afflicted the land, are scrutinized with great fearlessness and ability. Pandarus ranks among the foremost, the neglect of the clergy; and, as he wrote before the Reformation commenced, it is worth while to see his account of the church while it was national:—

"Also the church of this lande use not to lerne any other science, but the Lawe of Canon, for coveteys of lucre transytory; all other science, wherof grow none such lucre, the parsons of the church dothe despyce. They cowde more by the ploughe rustycall, then by lucre of the ploughe celestyall, to whiche they hathe streccheyd ther handes, and loke alwayes backwarde. They tende muche more to lucre of that ploughe, wherof groweth sclauder and rebuke, then to lucre of the soules, that is the ploughe of Cryste. And to the transytorye lucre of that rustycall ploughe they tendre so muche, that lytill or nought ther chargeyth to lucre to Cryste, the soules of ther subgetes, of whom they bear the cure, by preacheing and teacheing of the worde of Godde, and by ther good insample gyveing; whiche is the ploughe of worsshyp, and of honour, and the ploughe of grace of that ever shalle indure."

Pandarus concludes by a reference to a prophecy, in which the regeneration of Ireland is strangely connected with the elevation of Henry to the throne and empire of the Cæsars:—

"Also the Pandar sayeth playnly, that the profcyce is, that the King of England shalle put this land in such ordre, that all the warres of the land, wherof growyth all the vyces of the same, shalle cesse for ever; and after that, God shalle yewe such grace and fortune to the same King, that he shalle, with the armye of England and of Ireland, subdue the realme of Fraunce to his obaysaunce for ever, and shalle rescous the Greeks, and recover the grete cyttee of Constantinople, and shalle vanquyshe the Turkes, and wynde the Holy Crosse, and the Holly Land, and shalle dye Emperowre of Rome, and eternall blysse shalbe his ende."

The mystical and prophetic portions of this extraordinary document do not detract from its political importance; all its statements are confirmed by Baron Finglas, and that enlightened judge recommends the same remedies for the evils of Ireland as Pandarus. These remedies were, a competent force sent from England to support the authority of an upright chief governor; a strict attention to training the people in the English art of war; garrisons stationed so as to overawe the turbulent Septs, whether native Irish or degenerate English; and a regular and uniform system of taxation, instead of arbitrary impositions.

Henry's first care was the appointment of a Lord Lieutenant. The government of Ireland had been intrusted by Henry VII. to the great Earl of Kildare, for a reason that would surprise modern statesmen. "All Ireland cannot rule this earl," said Kildare's enemies to the King, believing that such a charge would ruin him with the jealous Tudor: "Then he is the fittest man to rule all Ireland," replied the monarch, and at once appointed him Lord Deputy. Kildare's administration was wise and vigorous; on his death he was succeeded by his son, a young man of more impetuous character, who soon revived the old feuds between the Geraldines and the Butlers. The latter found a powerful friend in Wolsey, whose favour the Earl of Ormond won by the most degrading compliances, while Kildare's unbending pride mortally offended the haughty cardinal. Wolsey soon prevailed upon his master to summon Kildare into England, and to appoint the celebrated Earl of Surrey to the government. The correspondence between Surrey and his masters, the King and Cardinal, occupies a large and interesting portion of the first of these volumes, and to this our attention must be confined for the present. Surrey having applied to Henry for additional forces, obtains his request, and the King informs him that he had remitted to Wolsey the investigation of the charges against the Earl of Kildare, recommends him to establish a truce between the Geraldines of Desmond and the Butlers of Ormond, and speaks in high terms of the friendship shown him by Francis I. during the famous interview of the Champ de Drap d'Or.

Surrey obeyed the King's orders in negotiating the truce, and gives a curious account of his employment when his messengers brought him intelligence of the suspension of arms:—

"At whoos return hither, I was in the cuntre of Connolly O'More, with such company as Your Grace sent with me out of England, 120 horsemen of this cuntre, and 300 kerne in my wagin, having the leest assistance of the English that ever was seen, for I had but 48 horsemen and 120 fotemen; of all others, of this cuntre. And after I had brenned divers townes, and forreyed the cuntre, and at divers skarmyshees men sleyned on booth parties, came to me thErll of Ormond, having aboutes 100 horsemen, 200 galoglas, and 200 kerne, of his awne."

Burning towns and foraying the country was, it seems, the approved mode of civilizing and pacifying Ireland. Ormond's visit was made to criminate the Earl of Kildare; he accused him of having instigated O'Carroll to invade the Pale. O'Carroll denied having received any such letter, but his brother, probably suborned by Ormond, made the following confession to Judge Bernyngham and Sir William Darcy:—

"He saith, that in Ester weke last past, the Abbot of Monaster Evyn, called Heke, brought a letter to OKeroyll out of England, on the behalf of the Erle of Kildare, wherein was writtin thes wordes, in Irish, 'Lyfe and helth to OKeroyll, from the Erll of Kildare. There is noon Irishmen in Ireland, that I am better content with, then with you; and when ever I come into Ireland, I shall doo you good, for any thing that ye shall doo for me; and any displeasure, that I have doon to you, I shall make you amendes therfor. Desiring you to kepe good peas to Englishmen, tyll an English Deputie come there; and when an English Deputie shall come

thydder, doo your best to make warre upon Englishmen there, excepte suche as bee towards me, whom ye know wele your self."

"Item, the said Donogh, being examyned, if thErll of Kildare's signe manuel were upon the said letter, said, he knew not his signe, but he did marke, that it was sealed with a seall having a cross, which he thought was the said Erll's seall."

Surrey, who was completely won over by the Butlers, urged the King to have Kildare's secretary, Delahide, examined by torture in the Tower; but the earl had married the daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and by her influence he was rescued from impending danger. We shall see hereafter how his own imprudence, and the credulity of his son "Silken Thomas," brought him, after all his escapes, to a miserable end.

But though Surrey was too frequently the dupe of the crafty Ormond, his administration was on the whole equitable as well as vigorous, and many of the native chieftains began to desire a connexion with the English government.

"They came unto me, Cormok Oge, and McCarty Reagh, two Irish lordes of great power, and were brought into me by thErll of Ormond, for they bee of his band; and they have put their pledgis in my hand, to kepe peas to thErll of Desmond and his adherentes, and to bee orderd by me, in all causes betwene theyme. They bee twoo wise men, and I fynde theyme more conformable to good ordre, then summe Englishmen here. I have mocioned theym to take their landes, and to hold theyme of the Kinges Grace; and they will bee content soo to doo, soo they may bee defended. I knowe divers other Irishmen of like mynde; whereof, at suche tyme as the Counsaill shall bee here, which shalbe this next weke, I shall advertyse your Grace more of the same."

Surrey was delighted with the prospect thus opened to him, especially when O'Donnell, the potent chieftain of Tyrconnell, sent in his adhesion to the government. But he soon found that no reliance could be placed upon the promises made by the Irish chieftains, and he wrote to his sovereign that Ireland could only be pacified by completing its conquest. It seems that O'Donnell had been as lavish of his professions to Henry as to his deputy, declaring that he would hire soldiers from Scotland to assist in establishing the royal authority. Surrey's letter to the King shows how these promises were performed:—

"The goode service, that O'Donayll, and Hew McNele, hath done Your Grace, is not only to forbere to come to me, when I had nede off them, but also to kepe O'Nele fro comyng to me, with so grete poure, that iff he had come, all such Irishmen, as be at war with me, wold have be so affrayed theroff, that they wold have put their ostages in to my handes, to have kept contynewell peas unto me. And asseweredly, unto this day, O'Donayll hath not waged any Scottes. Your Grace may be assewered, what so ever he sayth, no men in Erlond wolbe more sory to se Your Grace recover your rightfull inheritance of thErlidome off Ulcester, then he, and Hew McNele; for they, theyr servantes, and subjectes, have more grownde off Your Graces seed inheritance, then 6 the greatest men of lond in Ingland have, within your Realme; notwithstanding it is not so profitable to their pursys, only for lak of gode order."

"And wher he writeth to Your Grace, he wold no peas have with no Irishman, that is rebell to Your Grace, and that wold not answer your courtes, and obey your lawes (wich he, nor his

subjects, woll not do), he observith ill his seid promes, for he is at peas with all such, as be at war with me, and makith war with such, as wold help me agaynat myn enemies. Notwithstondyng all the premysses, I shall handle hym with faire wordes; for thogh he do litle gode, it is gode to kepe hym from doing hurt."

To add to the Lord Deputy's difficulties, Henry sent him but scanty supplies of munitions and money; he declares that he had wasted a great part of his own fortune in the royal service, that his health had failed under the incessant fatigue of body and mind, and earnestly solicits his recall, that he might die in the King's presence. The Irish council bore the highest testimony to his merits in an address to Wolsey:

"This lande is brought in towardnes of reformation by the active proues and greate polycy of the said Lorde Lieutenant, which hath right substantially and wisely deameynd hym self in fautes of warre, and right indifferently in causes of justice, with oute any parcialyte or corruption, and hath the best experience of this lande, and the wayes how the said reformation may rather be brought to effect, of any man, that ever came in this lande in our tyme."

Surrey succeeded in obtaining leave to resign his government, and thus ended the first great attempt made to establish English supremacy in Ireland.

The next plan was to bestow the government on some powerful Irish nobleman, who might maintain an army of his own retainers to preserve the peace. Through the influence of Wolsey, Pierce Butler, Earl of Ormond, commonly called Pierce the Red, was chosen to this high office, and, as might have been expected, directed his attention more to his own quarrels with the Geraldines than to forwarding the King's interests. Kildare soon after returned to Ireland, and became involved in open war with the Deputy. In a letter addressed by Kildare to Henry, he informs the King that he had marched to the north of Ireland to punish some of the chieftains that had broken their faith to the government, but that Ormond had taken a base advantage of his absence:

"And during my being in that journey, your Deputie here, in cruell wise, did not onely burne the landes of diverse of my servautes, your subgetes, being then with me in your service, but also brake 3 pillst, which were then chief defence against the Irishry, and besides that toke 2 castels or piles of me, without any defence; for my servautes, having the custodie of theym, mystrusted him not. Whereof oon he brake him self, and delyvered the other to OConour, who brake hit. I toke thos same of Irishmen, and kept them for the defence of your subgetes, having litill or no profit by theym. Your said Deputie, sethens it was bruted here that Your Grace mynded to amove him from your deputacion, hath bene nothing in effect ruled by your Counsaill here, but hath made bondes with diverse of the Irishry, and in especiall with OKeroll, and such as hath hitherto moost greved your subgetes here; by whos assistance he intendith to defend his title to theErdome of Ormond, be it right or wrong. I am in very evill eas; for, in avoiding your displeasure, I forbore to make any bondes with Irishmen against him, that hath your auctorite; and my friends of your English subgetes may not conveniently assist me in my defence against the same; so as, without the hastier help of God and Your Grace, I am like to be undone therby."

The contest between the Geraldines and Butlers soon became so important that com-

† *Pills*, Baronial towers.

missioners were sent from England to investigate the wrongs of which both complained. They decided in favour of Kildare, and he, fatally for himself, was appointed Lord Deputy in place of Ormond. We have now reached another crisis in Irish history, the rebellion of Silken Thomas, but must defer our examination of the new and important light thrown on that extraordinary event until next week.

Melanie, and other Poems. By N. P. Willis. Edited by Barry Cornwall. London: Saunders & Otley.

We have of late given up so much of our space to the American poets, that we are a little perplexed to know how, becomingly, to welcome another of the order. Here, however, is a volume which cannot, with propriety, be passed by; and as the *Athenæum* has been hitherto, on this subject, merely the mouth-piece of others, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer a few words of our own, and shall refer, as illustrations, to the large collection of very beautiful poetry which so lately graced our pages.

It strikes us, then, that one great want in American poetry,—perhaps in our own,—is sincerity of purpose: few American writers seem to speak out of the fulness and overflowing of their hearts:—they do not seem conscious of the moral dignity of their position, and, in the language of Milton, to have "put on their singing robes," as if about to offer sacrifice:—they dally with the sense and wanton with words, till much of their poetry is but pure and spiritual trifling: it belongs to the boudoir and the drawing-room, and is essentially opposed to the masculine energy and simplicity which characterize the national mind. Another objection—if indeed it be not a variety of the same—is, that their poetry is too monotonous, and too sensual in its harmony: they do not "build the lofty rhyme," but talk in verse. Again, to speak of them collectively, they trust, we think, too confidently to the power of the idea to upbear the language. We will not say, with Cowley, that words and numbers should represent the things shadowed forth; but it must never be forgotten, that language is purely conventional, and care should be taken that it does not, from accidental use or abuse, suggest associations directly contrary to the intention. This is a point on which the poet of nature and feeling is most likely to err: borne along by his own enthusiasm, the passion with him dignifies the language; but it is by the language only, that the passion is awakened in the reader. The early and the better poets of England were fully sensible of this, and removed themselves at once from all risk of these colloquial misinterpretations:—Spenser employed a language altogether obsolete; and Milton, notwithstanding the sublime grandeur of his subject, the vast resources of his mind, and the creative power of his genius, felt it necessary to employ a measure with which our language may be said to have been till then unacquainted; and even Pope was secure in the measured dignity of his verse.

One peculiarity, and, we admit, a high merit in American poetry, is its moral tone; but the inculcation of moral truth is, by many writers, put too prominently forward. We do not agree, though great authorities are against us, that the inculcation of truth

is either the aim or end of poetry. Poetry may spread its brooding wings over the dry wastes of philosophy, "and vital virtue infuse, and vital warmth;" but it would be as reasonable to say, that architecture was the perfection of sculpture, because the Caryatides have a fine effect in the Pandrosium, as that the inculcation of truth is the aim and purpose of poetry, because poetry may be a grace and ornament superadded to it. Poetry has a wide field of its own, without trenching on debatable ground. It may exhaust all memory and past existence, and stretch itself into the unknown future—it may create new worlds, and people them with unknown beings; though it is limited to the credible, for it must not contradict our little wisdom. Caliban and Ariel, for instance, are both pure creations, without parentage or issue; yet they are each but the development of separate principles hourly seen in combination. The poet has merely abstracted the possible accidents from common character. "The delicate Ariel" he hath assailed from this world's incumbrances, and from Caliban he hath removed that intellectualty, which makes man but "little less than the angels"; leaving, however, to both enough of humanity to keep alive our sympathies.

Poetry again, if it does not always separate good from ill—if it deals not with unmixt passions, at least rejects the weak and the trifling, or it glorifies by the skye influence it sheds over them; and here again we incline to think that American poets sometimes fail. They do not sufficiently separate life from circumstances, but act as if all passions, feelings, and impulses were fitting subjects for poetry. But life may be compared to the eagle moulting—poetry to the eagle moulted, full plumed and "newly bathed!"—

An eagle fresh out of the ocean wave.

Life is full of variety, good and ill, great and little, "a mingled yarn"; poetry knows nothing of meanness and littleness; it holds communion only with the permanent and the beautiful. It is never pushed from its direct course by the miserable accidents that drive weak man "a thousand errant leagues astray," but sweeps onwards to a delightful measure of continuous harmony, only rising or falling with passion or pleasure, like the natural wind.

To a limited extent only, could we illustrate what we have said from the volume before us; but the poems so lately quoted in these pages offer abundant proofs of its truth. Yet even in 'Melanie,' and its accompanying graceful and beautiful poetry, there is no deep sense visible of the high dignity of the poet's vocation. Mr. Willis "lips in numbers," as if poetry were more natural to him than prose: and we read on delighted, but forget what we have read in an hour—or remember only some scattered passages, happy in their musical cadence or combination of words, as we go away from the Opera humming an air of Rossini's; but there is nothing that enters into our very being, and ever after forms a part of it—nothing that we pause and linger over—nothing that awakens speculation. But this, it will be said, is trying the author by a very high standard;—true, and perhaps it is considering the subject "too curiously"; we shall, therefore, turn to the work, and let it speak for itself.

The poem, from which the volume takes its name, is a sweetly told tale; the more touching, perhaps, that in all its sorrow there is no sin. The noble self-devotion of brotherly love has never, perhaps, been more beautifully shadowed forth.

'Twere idle to remember now,
Had I the heart, my thwarted schemes.
I bear beneath this alter'd brow
The ashes of a thousand dreams—
Some wrought of wild Ambition's fingers,
Some coloured of Love's pencil well—
But none of which a shadow lingers,
And none whose story I could tell.
Enough, that when I climbed again
To Tivoli's romantic steep,
Life had no joy, and scarce a pain,
Whose wells I had not tasted deep;
And from my lips the thirst had pass'd
For every fount save one—the sweetest—and the last.

The last—the last! My friends were dead,
Or false; my mother in her grave;
Above my father's honour'd head
The sea had lock'd its hiding wave;
Ambition had but foil'd my grasp,
And love had perished in my clasp;
And still, I say, I did not slack
My love of life, and hope of pleasure,
But gather'd my affections back;
And, as the miser hugs his treasure
When plague and ruin bid him flee,
I closer clung to mine—my lov'd, lost Melanie!

We came to Italy. I felt
A yearning for its sunny sky;
My very spirit seem'd to melt
As sweet its first warm breezes by.
From lip and cheek a chilling mist,
From life and soul a frozen rime,
By every breath seem'd softly kiss'd—
God's blessing on its radiant clime!
It was an endless joy to me
To see my sister's new delight;
From Venice in its golden sea
To Fiesole in its purple light,
By sweet Val d'Arno's tinted hills,
In Vallombrosa's convent-gloom,
Mid Terni's vale of singing rills,
By deathless lairs in solemn Rome,
In gay Palermo's "Golden Shell,"
At Arethusa's hidden well—
We loiter'd like th' impassion'd sun
That slept so lovingly on all,
And made a home of every one—
Ruin, and fane, and waterfall—
And crown'd the dying day with glory
If we had seen, since morn, but one old haunt of story.

All this is exquisite in its sweet melody. The incidents of the story begin now to thicken; Melanie falls in love with a young artist, and the feelings of the devoted brother are told very naturally.

Our life was changed. Another love
In its lone wood began to twine;
But ah! the golden thread was wove
Between my sister's heart and mine!
She who had liv'd for me before—
She who had smiled for me alone—
Would live and smile for me no more!
The echo to my heart was gone!
It seem'd to me the very skies
Had shone through those averted eyes;
The air had breath'd of balm—the flower
Of radiant beauty seem'd to be—
But as she lov'd them, hour by hour,
And murmur'd of that love to me!
Oh, though it be so heavenly high
The selfishness of earth above,
That, of the watchers in the sky,
He sleeps who guards a brother's love—

'Tis difficult to see another,
A passing stranger of a day,
Who never hath been friend or brother,
Pluck with a look her heart away—
To see the fair, unsullied brow,
Ne'er kiss'd before without a prayer,
Upon a stranger's bosom now,
Who for the boon took little care—
Who is enrich'd, he knows not why—
Who suddenly hath found a treasure
Golconda were too poor to buy,
And he, perhaps, too cold to measure—
(Albeit, in her forgetful dream,
Th' unconscious idol happier seem.)
'Tis difficult at once to crush
The rebel mourner in the breast,
To press the heart to earth and hush
Its bitter jealousy to rest—
And difficult—the eye gets dim,
The lip wants power—to smile on him!

I thank sweet Mary Mother now,
Who gave me strength those pangs to hide,
And touch'd mine eyes and lit my brow
With sunshine that my heart believ'd.
I never spoke of wealth or race
To one who ask'd so much from me—
I looked but in my sister's face,
And mus'd if she would happier be;
And hour by hour, and day by day,
I lov'd the gentle painter more,
And in the same soft measure wore
My selfish jealousy away;
And I began to watch his mood,
And feel with her love's trembling care,
And bade God bless him as he woo'd
That loving girl so fond and fair,
And on my mind would sometimes press
A fear that she might love him less.

But we must not touch further on this sweet tale, but proceed onwards, and glean in other fields. The 'Lord Ivon' is a dramatic poem of considerable power, but it cannot well be broken into fragments: and from 'The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus,' and 'The Dying Alchemist,' extracts were given in the papers on American Literature: we must, therefore, be content with a specimen from the minor poems.

On the Picture of a 'Child tired of Play.'

Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves are down to the sheltering caves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,
Twilight gathers, and day is done—
How hast thou spent it—restless one!

Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and an aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.

Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath reli'd distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With their holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

We heartily concur with the Editor in what he says in the preface to this volume, that "it is incumbent upon every member of literature to do his best to diminish the space that separates America from England." In this spirit we have always acted; and, to prevent misconception, we think it well to add, before we take leave of the subject, that much of what we have said of American poetry is equally true of our own; but that we desired to speak of it separately, and have done so principally from the specimens which have lately appeared in this journal.

The Influence of Democracy on Liberty, Property, and the Happiness of Society, considered by an American, formerly Member of Congress. To which is prefixed an Introduction, by Henry Ewbank, Esq. London: Parker.

By "Mrs. Partington," we were nearly writing; so fully was that ever-memorable heroine "in our mind's eye," during the

perusal of Mr. Ewbank's mop,—book, we mean,—for the better drying up the Atlantic wave of Reform. We were on the point of flinging the volume on one side, as carrying in its title-page evidences of a political character, which disqualified it for the columns of the *Athenæum*; but, on second thoughts, the curiosity of a treatise on 'The Juggernaut of Self-Government,' by an American congress man, arrested our attention, and seemed worthy of a brief record. Proceeding, therefore, upon the irreproachable principle of house hunters, to "inquire within," we were not long in solving the mystery, and thus it is explained. During the great contest for American independence, flourished Mr. Fisher Ames; this gentleman being a staunch Federalist, and, moreover, like many other excellent men, losing sight of the causes of French Jacobinism in a just indignation at its deplorable effects, he, in latter life, wrote certain pamphlets, and spoke certain speeches, for the purpose of recommending his own party views, and discrediting those of his opponents, and for the better checking the progress of democracy at home. From these pamphlets and speeches, Mr. Ewbank has culled (we trust not garbled) a cento of *ad captandum* passages against self-government in the abstract, which he addresses to his own countrymen—assuredly the most aristocratic population of the world—in the true spirit of him who, in the hour of deluge, would have ran up and down on the shrinking *terra firma*, calling "fire."

The thought, however, is a bright thought. "Here is a rogue," cries Mr. Ewbank, "who has turned king's evidence, and it is worth while to listen to what he has to disclose." To make Mr. Fisher Ames an advocate for a close corporation government,—the man who took up arms against divine-righted authority, in behalf of the right of self-taxation, is a fetch of the cunning Isaac, well worthy of due celebration. This, then, is fallacy the first; and the whole volume is but a running fire of similar sophisms, which may be all summed up in this one position—because man, on account of his ignorance, passion, and corruption, is unfit for self-government (a fact induced from instances, in which the experiment was never fairly tried), therefore, it is right and fitting to trust the supreme power of the state to privileged men, uncontrolled by responsibility, and unrestrained by a community of interest with the masses to be governed.

Mr. Ewbank is evidently one of those persons whose heads are not sufficiently capacious to take in at once, and to co-ordinate the two ideas of liberty and of property, and who see no chance of maintaining the latter inviolable, except by the overthrow of the former: for his eulogy of vague generalities, under the name of liberty, is no proof to the contrary. We are not partizans of mob government—nay, we are quite sure that American republicanism (which, by the bye, is not mob government), is unsuited to the prejudices and opinions of the present generation of Englishmen; but it is precisely for that reason that we deprecate this fashionable terrorism of the purse, which is leading by the shortest cut to all it would willingly avert. It is not by invectives against "lean and unwashed" politicians, nor by encouraging misguided men in standing by the ex-

tre abuses of a worn-out system, that society is to be tranquillized, and the "spirit of the movement" rebuked.

But this is straying upon the tabooed ground, and we refrain; not, however, without recommending Mr. Ewbank's *excerpta*, as a neat assortment of cut and dry common-places, fitted for delivery alike over the chancellor's mace or the butler's corkscrew. To "prevent mistakes," we subjoin a specimen, taken literally at hazard:—

"The mock 'republican' leaders, as they affect to call themselves, but the jacobin chiefs of this country, as they are known and called, are the close imitators of those French examples. They use the same popular cant, and address themselves to the same classes of violent and vicious rabble. Our Condorcets and Rolands are already in credit and in favour. It would not be difficult to show that their notions of liberty are not much better than those of the French. If we adopt them, and attempt to administer our orderly and rightful government by the agency of the popular passions, we shall lose our liberty at first, and in the very act of making the attempt; next, we shall see our tyrants invade every possession that could tempt their cupidity, and violate every right that could obstruct their rage."

Verily, Messrs. Ames and Ewbank, you are, to the extent of your capabilities, a pair of inimitable agitators: happily, those capabilities are not very great!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*A Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia, performed in H.M.S. Leven and Barracouta, &c. under the Command of Captain F. W. Owen, by Captain T. Boteler.*—This is an extraordinary book. On first glancing over the title-page, our impression was that we had found a treasure—on turning over the leaves, that we had stumbled on a reprint. After a few moments of perplexed doubt, we took down Captain Owen's Narrative, published and reviewed some two years ago, to see whether there could be any resemblance greater than *must* of necessity occur, when the same voyage is described by different writers. Will our readers believe, that the two works are nearly identical, and this not merely in incident, but in phraseology, nay, even to the moral reflections and bits of fine writing introduced? We have examined page by page, sentence by sentence, three fourths of the first volume, and except that here and there Captain Boteler is a trifle more diffuse, and that the order of occurrence of certain incidents is occasionally changed, there is no difference, not even in the language. The very same extracts occur from other officers' journals; and we do not hesitate to assert, that so far as we have compared them, either Captain Owen's work was a publication of Captain Boteler's journal, or Captain Boteler's work is a reprint of Captain Owen's book, under another name. How this may be, we leave others to determine, but suppose that some explanation will now be thought necessary. What we have here said, will be a sufficient account of the work, and the only one indeed we could give, unless we were to re-write our former criticism.

'*The Faust of Goethe; attempted in English Rhyme, by the Honourable Robert Talbot.*—Another translation of the magnificent and mysterious *chef-d'œuvre* of the sage of Weimar! Why, every month seems to bring its own particular version along with it: and when the year is completed, it would be worth while for some able critic, who has "ample room and verge enough," to group them all together, as the translations of Homer were lately collected in *Blackwood*, and, by pointing out the good

points of each, bring the general reader acquainted with their relative merits and defects. It seems, however, to be admitted on all hands, that the work is untranslatable; and we wonder, therefore, why those who are fond of this species of literary labour, do not attack some of the dramas of Schiller, or Tieck, or Oehlenschlaeger, which are less known to the English reader, and eminently worthy of any pains which might be bestowed upon them. Mr. Talbot's translation of *Faust*, is a reasonably good one; weakest in its lyrical portions, as in the Prologue in Heaven, and the opening of the Walpurgis Night Scene: on the other hand, some of the more dramatic passages are rendered with life and spirit. The effect of rhyme in situations of strong emotion, is strange to the English ear; but, as all the forms of the drama are conventional, one more or less matters little, provided it is well sustained throughout.

'*The Reproving Angel, a vision, by Catherine Grace Godwin.*—The design of this poem is to check the repinings of a fretful spirit, by showing, to its possessor, some of the more serious ills to which man is subject. The poet, after the ancient fashion of visions, is taught by the ministry of an angel who conducts her through various scenes of horror and suffering; and thereby inculcates, by contrast, the reasonableness of content and thankfulness. Among other places of woe, the mourner and her guide visit the condemned cell of a criminal. There is power in the following stanzas, and they are only a fair specimen of the poem.

I saw a being before me, couch'd on stone
Whereon unsightly straw in damp decay
By niggard charity was scantily thrown,
The flesh from those gaunt bones had shrunk away,
So that he look'd, as there outstretch'd he lay,
Like some wan skeleton, yet was he young
In years, and had been fair of feature—yea,
That haggard brow, where grazed elf-locks clung,
Most blithe and bright had been earth's godliest sons
among.

I thought he slept, and that some troubled dream
Was dealing with the slumberer,—mornings low
And frequent starts convulsing him, did seem
Born of distemper'd visions, but that show
Was all deceptive; a far sterner foe
Than night-hag grim, conscience, that never slept,
Shook his worn nerves with many a frightful thrope,
And fear within his brain a vigil kept.
While dews of dreaded death, already o'er him crept.

Anon uprised, his bloodshot, hollow eye
He turn'd towards a grating small, where fell
Glimmerings of twilight dim and dully,
And heavy groans and sighs his breast did swell,
As if those gleams were ominous, or the knell
Of his last hour had sounded—then he clasp'd
His manacled hands, and slowly through the cell,
Tott'ring in giddy faintness—while he gasp'd
Some words, whose import wild the sense but vaguely
grasp'd.

'*Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions.*—In our weekly gossip, we noticed the announcement of this work, as of one which "promised amusement." In due course it was placed in our hands, and we found, that the table of contents also "promised amusement;" we proceeded to the preface, and that too "promised amusement;" we commenced the book, and it "promised amusement;" we followed close upon the heels of this promise, and after leading us through two hundred and twenty pages, during which we could perceive that it was getting weaker and weaker at every step, it died away and came to an end. It is a pity that the promise was not binding, for the binding is the best part of the work.

'*Specimen of a New Translation of the Lusiad of Camoens. The second Triumvirate, a poem, by Henry Christmas.*—We can hardly give an opinion of a mere specimen, especially as we have neither the original nor Mickel's version before us; but the verse of Mr. Christmas is smooth and spirited, and the Spenserian stanza a happy exchange from the more monotonous heroic couplet—though, again, it labours under the defect of having one line more than the ori-

ginal measure, the *ottava rima*—an excess which often becomes a positive weakness. We shall be glad to see the version before us completed, and then promise Mr. Christmas a more careful and critical hearing.

'*The Galley, a Poem; descriptive of the loss of a Naval Officer and Five Seamen, off St. Leonards, &c. by the Rev. Edward Cobbold, M.A.*—If we wished to have a "most particular comedy," made out of the sorrows and casualties which cross our path, we know no better person to apply to than the author of the travestie before us.

'*The Works of William Cowper, his Life, and Letters, by William Hayley, edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe. Vol. I. & II.*—Our readers must have been a little perplexed of late, unless indeed, they can see further into a mystery than we pretend to do, by the claims put forth by rival candidates for their favour; and the proprietors of the new editions of Cowper have kept up "a pretty pother" in this way. For ourselves, we chose to stand aloof until day should break. As yet it is but early dawn; but so far as we understand the dispute, Messrs. Saunders & Otley claim superior merit for their edition on the strength of the Life by Hayley, and their copyright in Cowper's Private Correspondence, published some ten years ago; while Messrs. Baldwins rest their pretensions on a new Life, to be written by Southey, and one hundred unpublished letters. Our readers may now determine for themselves: Southey's Life alone would decide the question with us. Hayley's is a poor bald affair, and, if we abstract the letters, which are common property, mere waste paper.

'*The Parent's Book; a series of Tales, descriptive of the various duties comprehended in the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, Nos. 1 & 2, by Rosa Edwena Gordon.*—This is not the first attempt of its kind which has been made, yet we cannot think the idea a happy one. All judicious parents will prefer giving such explanations of the cardinal points of religion as may suit the particular bias or temperament of the child to be instructed, to any formal story, however skillfully told; and there is something too much of the "trap system" for our taste, in setting forth the simple and majestic precepts of the Decalogue in little narratives—which nine children out of ten will read, and overlook the moral inculcated.

'*Elements of Truth.*—An attempt to render the mysteries of Christianity intelligible to children; but the author's abilities are not equal to his zeal and good intentions.

'*Dr. Watts's Divine and Moral Songs improved, and rendered suitable for persons of every condition, of both sexes, and of all ages, with an Appendix, &c. by John Scott.* 2nd Edition.—Impudence, rather than wisdom, may be said to "cry aloud in the streets" in these our days. We can bear much, but "this is too bad!" Who is Mr. Scott, that talks of improving Dr. Watts's Hymns, so long the delight "of persons of every condition," &c.—As lack of power generally exists in equal ratio with excess of presumption, we are not surprised to find, that he has tamed some of the most beautiful thoughts by his vulgar and conceited alterations, and produced some of the trashiest and most twaddling rhyme, which was ever miscalled sacred.

'*A Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin, by Jonathan Green, M.D.*—This highly valuable work is, or ought to be, addressed exclusively to the profession. Patients affected with cutaneous affections are especially prone to dabble in the medical literature of their disease; by which they succeed only in confusing their own ideas, and in injuring their constitutions by ill-directed experiments at a cure, derived from their ill-digested reading. The greatest difficulty in treating affections of the skin lies in distinguishing their species; and this requires the

erudite eye of the professional man. To the inexperienced, every description they read is sure to suit their own case. To such persons, we do not recommend the volume before us; but to the profession, no extrinsic recommendation will be found needful. Mr. Green's book will recommend itself, by the ability and lucid arrangements with which he has treated a very obscure and difficult class of diseases. His volume is not a mere book of nomenclature system; but enters largely into therapeutic details, which are mostly satisfactory, laying down very precise rules for the management of herculean remedies in the treatment of maladies that have long been the *opprobria medicorum*.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

DE LAMARTINE'S VISIT TO LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

THE following is from a highly interesting forthcoming work written by M. Alphonse de Lamartine, the poet, and member of the *Académie Française*. We presume the publication is delayed, that a translation may appear simultaneously in Paris and London—as such translation is, we observe, announced by Mr. Bentley to appear immediately.

M. de Lamartine precedes the account of his visit by a sketch of her Ladyship's life, the particulars of which are generally known in this country; at the conclusion he says:

After a wandering life, in all the countries of the East, Lady Esther Stanhope fixed her residence, in an almost inaccessible solitude, upon one of the mountains of Lebanon, adjoining Saïd, the ancient Sidon. The Pacha of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, Abdala-Pacha, who entertained a high respect for, and was devotedly attached to her, bestowed upon her the remains of a convent and the village of Jioun, the inhabitants of which are Druses. Her Ladyship built several houses there, surrounded by a wall, similar to our fortifications of the Middle Ages;—she planted a delightful garden after the Turkish fashion;—a garden of flowers and fruits, arbours formed of vines, kiosks enriched with sculpture and arabesques;—the water flowing through marble trenches; fountains playing in the centre of the pavement of the kiosks, shaded by orange, fig, and lemon trees. There Lady Stanhope resided for several years in perfectly Oriental luxury, surrounded by a great number of European or Arab dragomans, a numerous suite of female attendants and black slaves; and keeping up amicable, and even political, connexions with the Porte, Abdala-Pacha, the Emir Beschir, sovereign of Lebanon, and, above all, with the Arab Sheiks of the deserts of Syria and of Bagdad.

Her fortune, however, became diminished by the derangement of her affairs, which suffered from her absence from England; and she found herself reduced to an annuity of 30 or 40,000 francs (from 12 to 1600*l.* sterling), which is still sufficient, in that country, to keep up her establishment. However, the persons who had accompanied her from Europe either died or left her; the friendship of the Arabs, which cannot be retained without presents and illusion, cooled: communications became less frequent, and Lady Esther fell into that completely isolated state in which I found her; but then it was that the heroic stamp of her character, the energy, constancy and resolution of her mind were fully displayed. She never thought of retracing her steps; she did not heave one sigh of regret for the world or the past; she did not succumb under the abandonment of friends, the perspective of old age, and the oblivion of the living;—she remained alone, where she still is, without books, without newspapers, without letters from

Europe, surrounded merely by a few negroes, some black children, her slaves, and a certain number of Arab peasants to take care of her garden and her horses, as well as to watch over her personal safety.

It is generally believed in the country—and my communications with her justify me in sharing this belief—that the source of the supernatural strength of her mind, and her resolution, is to be attributed not only to her natural character, but also to strongly excited religious ideas, in which European illuminism is mingled with certain Oriental tenets, and, above all, with the marvels of astrology. At all events, Lady Stanhope has a great name in the East, and is an object of astonishment in Europe. Finding myself so near to her, I was anxious to see her; there was such an apparent sympathy between her ideas of solitude and meditation, and my own feelings, that I was very anxious to ascertain to what extent we might be agreed. But nothing can be more difficult than for a European to gain admittance to her presence; she declines all communication with English travellers, with women, and even with members of her own family. I had, therefore, but little hope of being presented to her—I had no letter of introduction. Knowing, however, that she kept up some distant connexion with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a recommendation under her hand to those tribes might be extremely useful to me in my future perambulations, I made up my mind to send an Arab to her with the following letter:

"My Lady,—A traveller, like yourself, a foreigner, equally with your Ladyship, in the East, has come hither, as you did, purposely to observe its nature, its ruins, and the works of God. I have just arrived in Syria with my family. I shall reckon among the most interesting days of my journey, that on which I may become known to a lady who is herself one of the wonders of that East which I came to visit.

"If you will be so kind as to receive me, let me know the day which will suit you, and also whether I am to come alone, or if I may introduce to you some of the friends by whom I am accompanied, and who would not prize less highly than myself the honour of being presented to you.

"I beg, my Lady, that this request of mine may not, in any way, infringe upon your politeness, by inducing you to grant me aught that would be repugnant to your habits of decided retirement. I but too well understand, myself, the value of liberty, and the charm of solitude, not to comprehend and to respect your refusal.

"Accept," &c. &c.

I had not long to wait for the answer; on the 30th, at three in the afternoon, Lady Stanhope's equerry, who is, at the same time, her physician, arrived at my dwelling, with orders to accompany me to Jioun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

We set off at four; I was accompanied by Doctor Léonardi, M. Parseval, a servant, and a guide; we were all on horseback. I passed, at half-an-hour's distance from Bayruth, a wood of magnificent fir-trees, which were originally planted by the Emir Fakar-ed'din, upon an elevated promontory, whence the eye ranges, on the right, over the stormy sea of Syria, and, on the left, over the magnificent valley of Libanus—an admirable point of view, where the riches of the vegetation of the West, the vine, the fig-tree, the mulberry, the pyramid-like poplar, are mingled with some lofty columns of the palm-trees of the East, the broad leaves of which waved to and fro by the action of the wind, like a vast plume of feathers, in the clear blue firmament. At a very short distance from this spot we entered upon a sort of desert of red sand, formed with immense waves, in motion, like those of the ocean. There was a strong

breeze that evening, and the wind furrowed and channelled this sandy waste, in the same manner as it raises up and agitates the waves of the sea. This spectacle was new to me, and was a gloomy foretaste of the real and vast desert I expected to traverse ere long. There was no trace of man or animal on this undulating arena; our only guides were the roaring of the waves of the sea on one side, and the ridges of the summits of Lebanon on the other. We soon entered upon a sort of road or path, with enormous blocks of angular stone scattered here and there. This road, which borders the sea as far as Egypt, conducted us to a house in ruins, the remains of an ancient fortified tower, where we passed the gloomy hours of the night, lying upon rush mats, and with our cloaks wrapped around us. As soon as the moon had risen, we re-mounted our horses.

It was one of those nights in which the firmament is all glittering with stars,—when the most perfect serenity seems to reign in those ethereal voids which we contemplate from so great a distance, but in which the natural scene around us seems to groan and to be tortured by sinister convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast, for some leagues, added to this painful impression. We had left behind us the beautiful shady slopes, and the verdant valleys of Lebanon. Rugged hills covered from top to bottom with black, white, and grey stones, the remains of earthquakes, appeared before us; on our right and left the sea, which had been agitated since the morning by a tempest, rolled forward its heavy and menacing waves, of the approach whereof we were warned from afar, by the shadows they cast before them, and which afterwards struck the shore—each one making its thunder-clap, and then shed their broad and bubbling foam even as far as the moist sandy border on which we were travelling, inundating our horses' feet after each wave, and threatening to wash us away; a moon, as brilliant as a winter's sun, shed a sufficiency of rays upon the sea to enable us to see how furious it was, yet not bestowing enough light upon our road to give sufficient confidence to the eye as to the perils of the road. The flames from some building on fire cast their reflection on the ridges of Lebanon, and mingled with the morning mist, spreading over the whole scene a false and wan tint which was neither day nor night—neither the brightness of the one nor the serenity of the other—an hour which was painful both to the eye and the mind, a struggle of two opposite principles, of which nature sometimes presents the afflicting image, and of which we still more frequently find the echo in our own hearts!

At seven in the morning, the sun being already scorching, we left Saïd, the ancient Sidon, which advances into the sea like a glorious *souvenir* of past dominion, and climbed some chalky, naked, rugged hills, which, rising insensibly, led to the solitude which we looked out for in vain. As soon as we had reached the top of one hill we discovered another, still higher, which we must either turn, or climb; the mountains were linked to each other, like the rings of a chain huddled together, leaving between them nothing but deep ravines, without water, and blanched, whilst here and there lay broken masses of grey-coloured rocks. These hills are completely destitute of vegetation, and are not covered with any earth. They are the skeletons of hills which, for ages past, have been eaten away by the action of the waters and the winds. This was not the kind of spot where I expected to find the dwelling of a woman who had visited the world, and who had the Universe before her for a choice of residence. At length, from the summit of one of these rocks, my eyes fell upon a valley which was deeper, wider, and surrounded on all sides by more majestic, but not less barren hills than the others. In the middle of this valley, like the base of a large

tower, the mountain of Jioun takes its rise, and is rounded by terraces of circular rocks; which, becoming narrower as they approach the summit, form at length an esplanade some hundreds of toises wide, which is covered with a beautiful vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosk at one of its angles, surrounds this mass of verdure—this is the residence of Lady Esther. We arrived there at noon. The house bears no resemblance to what is so called in Europe; it is not even what is designated as a house in the East. It is a confused and strange assemblage of ten or twelve small buildings (*maisonnettes*), each containing only one or two rooms on the ground-floor, without windows, and separated from each other by little court-yards, or small gardens; an assemblage exactly similar to the aspect of those poor convents which are to be seen in Italy and Spain upon the high mountains, and belonging to the mendicant orders.

According to her usual custom, Lady Stanhope was not visible until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were each of us conducted into a sort of narrow cell, devoid both of light and furniture. Breakfast was brought to us, and we reclined on divans whilst waiting for the levee of the invisible hostess of this romantic dwelling. I was sleeping, when, at three o'clock, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and an announcement that her ladyship was ready to receive me. I traversed a court-yard, a garden, an open kiosk overspread with jasmine; and, after passing along two or three gloomy corridors, I was introduced by a little negro child of six or eight years old into the cabinet of Lady Esther.

This room was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble grave, mild, and majestic features. She wore the oriental costume. Rising from her divan, she advanced towards me, and offered me her hand. Lady Esther appears to be about fifty; her features are of that caste which years cannot alter: bloom, colour, grace, depart with youth; but, when beauty exists in the form itself—in the correctness of the lines—in the dignity, the majesty, the *thought* stamped upon the countenance of a man or a woman, that beauty may undergo changes at the different periods of life, but it does not pass away. Lady Stanhope's beauty is of this class. She wore a white turban, and a woollen *bandelette*, of a purple colour, crossed her forehead, and fell from each side of her head, on to her shoulders. A long yellow Cachemere shawl over an ample Turkish robe of white silk, with loose sleeves, enveloped the whole of her person in their simple and majestic folds, and it was only by means of an opening in the front of this outer tunic, that one could perceive another robe of Persian stuff embroidered all over with flowers, which reached as high as the throat, where it was fastened by a clasp of pearls. Turkish half-boots (or buskins) of yellow morocco leather, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with the ease and grace of one who had not been accustomed to any other kind of dress from youth upwards.

"You have come from a great distance to visit a hermit," she said; "you are welcome; I receive very few strangers, scarcely one or two in the course of a year, but your letter pleased me, and I was desirous of knowing a person who, like myself, loves God, nature, and solitude. Besides, something told me, that our stars were of the same class, and that we should suit each other. I see, with pleasure, that my presentiment has not deceived me, and your features which I now see, as well as the sound of your feet, as you traversed the corridor, have given me sufficient indications as to yourself, to cause me not to repent of having wished to see you. Let us sit down, and converse; we are friends already."

"How! my lady," I replied, "you so speedily honour with the name of friend one whose name and life are completely unknown to you? you do not know who I am."

"Tis true," she replied, "I neither know what you are according to the ideas of the world, nor what have been your actions whilst you were living among men; but I know already what you are in the eyes of God. Take me for an insane person, as I am often called in the world; but, I could not resist my inclination to open my heart to you. There is a science, which is now lost in your Europe,—a science which originated in the east, and has never decayed there—it still exists. I am acquainted with it. I read in the stars. We are all children of one of those celestial lights which presided at our birth, and whose happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, upon our foreheads, on our features, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gestures, our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes; well! I know you as perfectly as though I had lived with you for a century. Shall I reveal you to yourself? Do you wish me to predict your destiny?"

"By no means, my lady," I replied with a smile: "I do not deny that I am ignorant thereof. I will not affirm that the visible and invisible nature, in all things, are not connected and linked together, that beings of an inferior order—such as men—are not under the influence of superior beings, such as stars or angels; but I have no need of their revelations, in order to convince me that I am, myself, corruption, infirmity, and misery!—and, as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should consider it to be a profanation of the Divinity, by whom they are concealed from me, if I made inquiries concerning them of a created being. With regard to the future, I believe only in God, Liberty, and Virtue."

"No matter," she said, "I see clearly that you were born under the influence of three happy, powerful, and good stars, which have endowed you with analogous qualities, and which are conducting you towards a point which I could, even now, indicate to you if you wished it. It is God who has led you hither to enlighten your soul; you are one of those men of aspiration and of good-will, whom he requires, as instruments, in the performance of the marvellous works he will soon accomplish among men. Do you believe that the reign of the Messiah has arrived?"

"I was born a Christian," said I: "this will serve for my answer."

"Christian," she replied, faintly smiling—"I am also a Christian; but he, whom you call Christ, has he not said, 'I still speak to you in parables; but he who is to come after me, will speak to you in the spirit and in truth'? Well! he it is whom we are expecting! That is the Messiah, who has not yet arrived—who is not far off, whom we shall see with our eyes, and for whose coming all is preparing throughout the world! What answer can you make? and how can you deny or explain one of the very words of your Gospel, which I have just repeated?"

[Here De Lamartine entered into a sort of confession of faith; but, as the interest of the narrative attaches to the opinions and feelings of Lady Stanhope, we think it well to abridge this discussion.]

Her eyes, which had been occasionally clouded by a slight expression of displeasure, whilst I was confessing my Christian *rationalism*, now brightened up with a tenderness of expression, and an almost supernatural luminousness.

"Believe what you will," she replied, "you are not the less one of those men whom I expected, who are sent to me by Providence, and who have an important duty to accomplish in the work in preparation. You will shortly return to Europe; Europe is worn out: France alone

has still a grand mission to fulfil; you will participate therein; I know not as yet in what way, but I can tell you this evening if you wish it, after having consulted your stars. I do not at present know the names of all of them: I see more than three now; I distinguish four, perhaps five, and, who knows! perhaps more. One of them is certainly Mercury, who gives lucidity, colour, and intelligence to speech; you must be a poet—that is to be read in your eyes, and in the upper part of your face; in the lower part you are under the influence of entirely different stars, almost opposed to the former: there is an influence of energy and of action—there is also sunshine," she said, all at once, "in the hair of your head, and in the manner in which you throw it back over your left shoulder. Be thankful to God! there are few men who are born under more than one star; few whose star is a happy one; still fewer whose star, even if favourable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposite one. You, on the contrary—you have several, and the whole are in harmony to do you service—all aid each other in your favour. What is your name?"

I told her.

"I had never heard it before," she replied, with the accent of truth.

"You see, my Lady, what glory is! I have composed some verses in my time, which have caused my name to be repeated a million of times by all the literary echoes of Europe; but these echoes have proved too faint to traverse your sea and your mountains; and here I am quite a new man—a being completely unknown—a name which has never been pronounced! This renders the kindness you display towards me the more flattering: I am only indebted for it to you and myself."

"Yes," she said, "poet or not, I love you, and place my hope in you: we shall meet again, be assured! You will return to the west, but it will not be long ere you return to the east; that is your country."

"It is, at least, the country of my imagination."

"Do not laugh," she replied, "it is your real country; it is the country of your ancestors. I am sure of it now; look at your foot!"

"I see nothing there," said I, "but the dust of your roads with which it is covered, and of which I should be ashamed in a *salon* of old Europe."

"Nothing! it is not that," she resumed, "look at your foot! I had not noticed it before myself. Look! the instep is very elevated, and there is between your heel and your toes, when your foot is placed on the ground, sufficient space for water to pass underneath without wetting you. This is the Arab foot! it is the foot of the east!—you are a son of these climates, and the day is approaching, when each man shall return to the land of his fathers! We shall meet again."

A black slave now entered, and, prostrating himself before her, his forehead being on the carpet, and his hands raised above his head, he said something to her ladyship in Arabic.

"Go," she said, "your repast is ready; dine quickly, and come back soon. I am going to occupy myself concerning you, and to examine more clearly into the confusion of my ideas as to your person and destiny. As for me, I never take refreshment with any one: I live too soberly; some bread and fruits at the moment nature dictates, suffice for me: I must not put my guest upon my diet."

I was conducted along a trellised walk, overshadowed with jessamine and *laurier rose*, to the gate of her ladyship's gardens. The table was laid there for M. Parseval and myself; we dined very quickly, but she did not wait even until we had risen from table, and sent Leonardi to tell me she was waiting for me. I hastened to attend the summons; I found her ladyship smoking a long oriental pipe; she ordered one to be brought

for me. I had been already accustomed to see the most elegant and beautiful women of the east smoke: I had ceased to feel any repugnance to this graceful and *nonchalant* attitude, or to see the odoriferous vapour escaping in slender columns from the lips of a beautiful woman, and interrupting the conversation, without allowing it to cool. We conversed for a long time in this way, and always upon the favourite subject—upon the unique and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman—this modern enchantress, who was the exact type of those of antiquity! the Circe of the Desert!

It appeared to me, that the religious doctrines of Lady Esther were a clever, though confused, *mélange* of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live. Mysterious, like the Druses, whose mystic secret is perhaps known to none but herself in the whole world—resigned, like the Mussulman, and a fatalist as he is—with the Jew looking after the Messiah, and with the Christian professing the adoration of Christ, and the practice of his charitable morality! Add to all this, the fantastic colours and the supernatural reveries of an imagination tinted with orientalism and excited by solitude and meditation, some revelations, perhaps, from the Arabian astrologers, and you will have an idea of that sublime and singular compound, which it is more convenient to designate as insanity, than to analyze and comprehend. No! this lady is not insane! Insanity, which is written but too clearly in the eyes of those afflicted therewith, is not perceptible in her beautiful and open look; insanity, which is invariably betrayed in conversation, the link of which it always interrupts involuntarily, by brisk, disorderly, and eccentric flights, is in no way perceptible in the elevated, mystic, shadowy, yet well connected and sensible conversation of Lady Esther. If I were called upon to pronounce on the case, I should rather say, that hers is a voluntary and studied illusion, which is well known to herself, and to which, for certain reasons, she gives the appearance of insanity. The powerful influence of her genius which has existed, and still exists, among the Arab tribes, by whom the mountains are surrounded, sufficiently proves, that this pretended insanity is but a means employed to bring about some end. To the people of that land of prodigies, to those men of the rocks and deserts, whose imaginations are more highly-coloured and more hazy than the horizon of their sands, or their seas, the words of Mahomet, or of Lady Stanhope, are necessary! They look for communion with the stars, prophecies, miracles, and the second sight of genius. Lady Stanhope has comprehended this state of things; first, by the extent of her truly superior intelligence; and next, perhaps, as is the case with all those beings, who are endowed with powerful intellectual faculties, she has finished by bringing an illusion on herself, and by being the first neophyte of the symbol she has created for others. This is the impression she had produced upon me. She cannot be judged of, or classed all at once: she is a statue of immense dimensions! She can only be judged of from her own point of view. I should not be surprised if, at no distant day, a portion of the destiny she looks forward to should be accomplished: an Empire in Arabia, and a throne in Jerusalem. The slightest political commotion, in the region of the Fast which she inhabits, might raise her to that height!

"I have," said I, to her, "but one reproach to make to your genius, on this subject: namely, that you have been too timid with events; and that you have not, by this time, pushed your fortune so far as it might have conducted you."

"You speak," she answered, "as a man who still places too much faith in the human will, and not sufficient in the irresistible empire of

destiny alone: my force lies there. I wait for it, I do not appeal to it; I am becoming old, I have considerably diminished my fortune; I am now alone and abandoned to myself upon this barren rock, a prey to the first hardy bandit who might break open my gates; surrounded by a band of faithless domestics, and ungrateful slaves, who plunder me daily, and sometimes threaten to take my life. Very lately even, I was indebted for my life to this poniard alone; of which I was forced to make use, to defend my own breast against the dagger of a negro slave, whom I had brought up! Well, in the midst of all these tribulations I am happy; I reply to all by the sacred expression of the Moslems, *Allah Kerim!—the Will of God!*—and I wait with confidence for the future, of which I have spoken to you, and with which I would fain inspire you."

After having smoked several pipes, and drank several cups of coffee, which were brought to us every quarter of an hour by negro slaves, she said—

"Come! I will conduct you to a sanctuary, into which I never allow any of the profane to enter—my garden."

We descended into this garden by a few steps, and I wandered about with her ladyship, in a complete state of enchantment, in one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens that I have seen in the East. Dark trellised walks, the verdant arches of which bore, like millions of lustres, the glittering grapes of the Land of Promise; kiosks in which the sculptured Arabesques were interwoven with the jessamines and creeping plants of Asia; basins in which water was artificially brought from a league off, and which spouted and gurgled from marble fountains; walks bordered by all the fruit-trees of England, of Europe, and of those fine climates; green grass-plats adorned with flowering shrubs and flowers which were perfectly new to me, surrounded by compartments of marble: such is this garden. We rested ourselves in several of the kiosks by which it is adorned; and in no one instance did the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Esther lose the mystic tone, and the elevation of subject, by which it had been distinguished in the morning.

"Since destiny," she said at last, "has sent you hither, and as so astonishing a sympathy between our stars allows me to confide to you, what I would conceal from so many of the profane, come! I will let you see with your own eyes a prodigy of nature, the destination of which is only known to myself and my adopted: the prophecies of the East had foretold it for many ages, and you shall judge yourself, as to whether those prophecies have been accomplished."

She threw back a gate, which opened from the garden, into a small court-yard, where I perceived two magnificent thorough-bred Arabian mares, and of the most perfect formation.

"Approach," said her Ladyship, "and examine this bay mare: see whether nature has not accomplished in her, all which is written as to the mare which is to carry the Messiah—namely, that she should be foaled ready saddled."

In fact, I perceived a freak of nature with regard to this beautiful animal, which was sufficiently uncommon to serve as an illusion for the vulgar credulity of a semi-barbarous people; the mare had, instead of shoulders, a cavity, so wide and so deep, and imitating so well the form of a Turkish saddle, that it might truly be said that she was foaled ready saddled; and excepting as to stirrups, the animal might have been mounted without the want of an artificial saddle being felt. This beautiful mare seemed to be accustomed to the admiration and respect bestowed upon her by Lady Stanhope and her slaves, and to have a presentiment of her future mission. No person had ever mounted her, and two Arab grooms attended to, and watched over her con-

tinually, and did not lose sight of her for an instant. Another mare, of a white colour, and in my opinion infinitely more beautiful, shares with the mare of the Messiah the respect and attentions of Lady Stanhope: this animal has never been mounted. Lady Esther did not tell me, but she gave me to understand, that although the destiny of the white mare was less holy, she had nevertheless a mysterious and important fate also in reserve; and I seemed to comprehend that Lady Stanhope reserved her for her own use, on the day when she should make her entry into reconquered Jerusalem by the side of the Messiah. After having caused these animals to be promenaded upon a grass-plot outside the fortress, and admired the elegance of their movements, we returned, and Lady Esther yielded to my entreaties, to allow my friend and fellow-traveller, M. de Parseval, to be introduced to her. We all three entered then the small salon I have already described, in order to pass the evening, or rather the night, there. Coffee and pipes re-appeared in oriental profusion, and the room was soon filled with such clouds of smoke, that the figure of Lady Stanhope no longer appeared, but through atmosphere similar to the magical vapour of the incantations.

She spoke with the same force, the same grace, the same fluency, but infinitely less supernaturally, upon subjects less sacred for her, than she had done with me alone in the course of the day.

After relating some conversations upon astrology, &c. M. de Lamartine relates some remarkable instances of Lady Esther's powers of divination as to character, as exemplified in her description of two or three travellers of M. de Lamartine's acquaintance, who had visited her Ladyship in the course of the last fifteen years. Napoleon was also spoken of, and the night passed in this way; when they parted, her ladyship said,

"I do not say adieu! we shall see each other frequently again during this journey, and still more frequently in other journeys, which you do not yet contemplate undertaking. Go and repose yourself, and remember, that you leave a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon."

She held out her hand to me: I laid mine on my heart, after the manner of the Arabs, and we left the room.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

ANOTHER change in high places! Another plunge for busy hands, and thinking minds, into the vortex of politics! And another reflux, we suppose, in the tide of literature, which, after all, was creeping in but sluggishly! But with such matters we do not directly concern ourselves. There is, however, one point of Sir Robert Peel's conduct while in office, of which, as literary men, we have a right to speak, and we do so with honest respect: we, of course, allude to his liberal patronage of letters and science. This very week the merited pension settled upon Mrs. Somerville, the preferment of Milman, the poet, and a private act of munificence to the son of another no less "skilled in song," have been brought to our knowledge: these are gracious and confederate acts, the memory of which he may carry with him into retirement, as an anodyne, should he be haunted with fever-dreams of past power, which, however, with such a mind, is not likely.

To gossip about the *Antient Concerts*, in place of installing them in the dignity of a separate report, may appear something irreverent to our musical friends, but we have no remedy, so long as they continue so very ancient as they have hitherto been. The last was under the direction of Earl Howe, and the scheme comprised some of the magnificent choruses from 'Israel in Egypt,' and other music not so good, and fully as hacknied. Madame Stockhausen charmed us in

'Dove sono,' and we must thank Mr. Machin for selecting the song 'O God of Truth,' from 'Belshazzar,' which is less known than many songs by Handel which are far weaker. That this establishment (our venerable friend) may not feel itself quite lonely in its notice, we will here take the opportunity of mentioning the last *Vocal Concert* of the season, which took place on Monday week. Here, too, we shall be brief; we were not much pleased with the MS. song by Bishop, which was, however, well sung by his wife: to our thinking, it is a forced composition. We may say further, that the madrigals and glees were (as usual) well executed; and lastly, by way of adieu, that we hope the society is as well satisfied with its success, this third season, as we have been with the classical and varied music which its directors have selected for performance.

A word more about music: we cannot keep back a little rejoicing at our present Opera prospects. Lablache added to the list of last year—Pasta performed in the distance—and Brambilla employed in useful parts, leave us little to wish.

The *Revue des deux Mondes*, so severe upon Bellini's 'Puritani' a few weeks ago, speaks highly of the other new opera, recently brought out in Paris, and, we are told, to be represented here, Donizetti's 'Marino Faliero'—but we are stealing from another corner of our own paper, so enough for the present.

We shall have Somerset House open in another month. Loungestall unpleasant things of pictures by Wilkie, and Edwin Landseer, and Rothwell.

—This day, Messrs. Christie & Manson will bring to the hammer, the pictures belonging to Lord Charles Townshend, selected with much taste and judgment, and a discriminating admiration of modern as well as of ancient art. It was pleasant, while looking over the different works, to feel that those by modern English artists were neither the least valuable, nor least beautiful. Wilkie's 'Duncan Gray,' for character, composition, and colouring, is among the best productions of his powerful pencil. Calcott's 'View on the Meuse,' is another fine work, though wanting perhaps in depth of tone. The *Studies of Children's Heads*, by Lawrence, are full of grace and beauty, and in Boningtons the collection is unusually rich. The choicest of the old pictures are 'A Village Fete,' by Teniers, a Berghem, representing a group of peasant and cattle, near some ruins, both admirable; A head of an ugly old Woman, by Rembrandt, but painted by the hand of a giant in art;—and yet more to our taste as a portrait, a Girl in a brown dress with a fan in her hand, by Vandeyck; it is simple and unpretending, and but for the costume, we should have taken it for a portrait of the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I. There is also a magnificent Ruysdael, a Backhuysen of rare quality; and fine pictures by Wynants, Vander Capella, Murillo, and Guido.

Accounts have been received from the expedition gone to explore the south-east coast of Africa, under Capt. Alexander, by which we learn, that the Portuguese settlers have been driven from the fort near Delagoa Bay by the natives. The particulars of Capt. Alexander's communications will be read at the meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday next, and we shall then be able to report more fully on the subject.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 8.—Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., V.P., in the chair.

A paper was read, entitled, 'On the Ice formed, under particular circumstances, at the bottom of Running Water,' by the Rev. James Farquharson, of Alford, Aberdeenshire, F.R.S.

The Society then adjourned over the Easter recess, to meet again on the 30th.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 4.—Sir A. Johnston in the chair.—Several donations were presented; the most remarkable was a Dutch History, in eight volumes, containing a full account of the Dutch settlements in the East Indies, compiled from original documents, preserved among the archives at Amsterdam. The work is illustrated by several maps and plates, some of them very curious; it was presented to the Society by — Rennell, Esq.

Messrs. les Chevaliers Allard, Ventura, and Court, officers in the service of Runjeet Singh at Lahore, were elected Corresponding Members, as a testimony of the Society's grateful sense of the assistance rendered by them to Lieut. Burnes, and M. Jacquemont, while travelling in the Punjab.

The paper read was another extract from Captain Low's papers, describing the military capabilities of the Burmese and Siamese.

The Society adjourned to the 9th of May, when its anniversary meeting will be held.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We now proceed to give an abstract of such papers as have been read at the previous meetings, from the Report drawn up for the use of the Fellows.

"On the Physical and Geological Structure of the Country to the West of the Dividing Range, between Hunter's River (lat. 32° S.) and Moreton Bay (lat. 27° S.), with observations on the Geology of Moreton Bay and Bishaue River, New South Wales, by A. Cunningham, Esq.

"This paper was accompanied by a series of specimens collected by the author, who states that he had submitted it to the examination of Dr. Fitton, and that he is indebted to the notes of that gentleman for the geological descriptions embodied in the memoir.

"After alluding to the 'Wingen or Burning Mountain,' situated on the south-eastern side of the 'Dividing Range,' the author states that the summit of that range, at the point where he crossed it, consists of greenstone slate, and the base of a quartzose conglomerate. Having descended the range, he traversed the low hills which form the eastern side of Liverpool Plains and consist of a similar conglomerate; and afterwards the hills to the north of the Plains composed of a very finely grained granite. Between the latitudes of 31° and 30° the country gradually rose from the level of Liverpool Plains, or 840 feet, to nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and presented a broken irregular surface, often traversed by low ridges of clay slate. On the north of 30° the exploring party entered a fertile valley, called by Mr. Cunningham, 'Stoddart's Valley.' The base of the ridges by which it is bounded, consists of serpentine, and their flanks and summit of hornstone; and the hills at the head of the valley of clay slate. In the bed of Peel's River, which traverses the northern extremity of the valley, the author noticed a thin horizontal bed of calcareous sandstone, between strata of indurated clay or shale. The country for 50 miles to the north of 'Peel's River' exhibited a moderately undulating surface, covered in some parts with fragments of cellular trap; and the hills which bounded the route on the westward, as far as the parallel of 29° 10', consisted of a reddish coarse-grained sandstone, in nearly horizontal strata. Beyond this point Mr. Cunningham directed his journey to the north-east, and a little north of 29° he arrived at Mogo Creek, the banks of which were found to be composed of a coarse friable sandstone. Pursuing the same direction, the country for 40 miles presented a rugged surface, and the prevailing rocks were sandstone and clay slate; but occasionally the tops of the hills formed low terraces composed of a quartzose conglomerate. In the bed of a creek in lat. 28° 26', and on the meridian of Paramatta, (151° east long.), a hard

slaty rock was noticed; and the country beyond it was found to be composed, where it could be examined in the dry water-courses, of flinty slate. In lat. 28° 13' the party entered upon a fertile district which extended for 18 miles, or to the foot of the 'Dividing Range,' in the parallel of 28°. At the base of these mountains Mr. Cunningham procured specimens of basalt containing olivine; at the height of 1877 feet above the level of the sea, the rock consisted of amygdaloid; and the summit, 4100 feet above Moreton Bay, of a brick-red cellular trap, the cells having an elongated form and parallel direction.

"From this station the author directed his course back towards Hunter's River, but chose a route to the east of that by which he had arrived at the foot of the 'Dividing Range.' In a ravine about 20 miles from the extreme point of his journey, and on the confines of a mountainous region, a reddish granite occurred, and the prevailing formation in the hilly district itself was grey granite. Leaving this mountainous country, and directing his course south-westward, Mr. Cunningham entered upon a region, composed of clay slate; and in lat. 29° he arrived at a deep gorge similarly constituted, and traversed by a rapid stream, in the bed of which he noticed large boulders of the grey granite. During the next 40 miles the only rocks observed were reddish granite and fragments of basalt. In lat. 29° 26' large masses of a fine quartzose conglomerate occurred, and were afterwards found to be very generally scattered over the adjacent country. The boundary hills of 'Wilmot Valley' are stated to be a fine-grained grey granite; and those which form the head of it, in lat. 30° 11', of brownish porphyry, containing grains of quartz. The party having crossed these hills, traversed Liverpool Plains and the 'Dividing Range' to Hunter's River, and thence returned to the station from which they originally set out.

"Mr. Cunningham next offers some remarks on the geology of Moreton Bay and Brisbane River, both of which he visited in 1828, for the purpose of connecting his observations at the foot of the 'Dividing Range' in lat. 28° with the sea coast.

"The western shores of Moreton Bay, from the entrance of Pumice-stone River to Red-Cliff Point, are faced by a reef of considerable breadth, a ledge of which at low water afforded specimens of chalcodony.

"In ascending the Brisbane River, which falls into Moreton Bay, the first rock observed was talc or chlorite slate; and opposite the settlement, 16 miles from the mouth of the river, is a quarry of pink clay stone porphyry, used for building. In the ravines further up occurs serpentine traversed by veins of asbestos and magnetic iron. Sixty miles from Moreton Bay, beds of hornstone crop out in the banks; and in the same part of the river a considerable seam of coal appears in its channel. A portion of the stem of a fossil plant was found in the vicinity of this seam of coal. At the 'Limestone Station,' on 'Brenner River,' which falls into the Brisbane, Mr. Cunningham procured a series of specimens, which consists of yellowish hornstone, bluish grey, a gritty yellowish limestone, and indurated white marl, much resembling some of the harder varieties of chalk, and containing large masses of black flint, and of bluish grey chalcodony passing into chert. A bed of coal has likewise been noticed in the Brenner, and traced from that stream to the Brisbane. To the south of the 'Limestone Station' is a remarkable hill, called 'Mount Forbes,' consisting of trap; and 50 miles south of the penal settlement on the Brisbane is the Birman-range, from which the author procured specimens of compact quartz rock. From Mount Lindsay, likewise south of the Brisbane, he obtained specimens of granite.

"To the collections formed by himself, in the districts above mentioned, Mr. Cunningham has

added some specimens obtained by Capt. Sturt during an excursion from Bathurst to the marshes of the Macquarie, and thence to the Darling River. They include carbonate of copper from a white argillaceous cliff at Molong Plain; stalagmite from the bed of the Macquarie; pink clay from the cataract below Wellington Valley; porphyry from Mount Harris; hard, granular, quartz rock from Oxley's Table-land and Mount Hellvelling; granite from New Year's Creek; quartzose conglomerate, porphyry, sandstone, white clay, and selenite, from the Darling River; and lastly, specimens of compact limestone, containing corals, from a limestone range 16 miles north from Bathurst."

"An Account of Land and Freshwater Shells found associated with the Bones of Lard Quadrapeds beneath diluvial Gravel, at Crophorn in Worcestershire, by Hugh Edwin Strickland, Esq., F.G.S."

"On two former occasions Mr. Strickland laid before the Society brief notices of the discovery, near Crophorn, of the bones of extinct quadrapeds associated with shells of existing species—the present paper contains the result of his continued researches. The deposit in which these remains were found, is situated on the road from Evesham to Pershore, and on the east side of the small rivulet which flows from Bredon Hill towards the Avon. In May, 1834, the deposit presented a section about 70 yards in length and 8 feet 6 inches high in the middle. The lower part of it consisted of lias clay, on which rested a layer of fine sand, containing 23 species of land and freshwater shells, with fragments, more or less rolled, of bones of the Hippopotamus, Bos, Cervus, Ursus, and Canis. The sand passes upwards gradually into gravel, which extends to the surface, and differs in no respect from the other gravel of the neighbourhood, being composed principally of pebbles of brown quartz, but occasionally containing chalk flints, and fragments of lias Ammonites and Gryphites. The bones, though most abundant in the sand, are interspersed also through the gravel; but the shells are confined to the sand. Lists are given of the bones, and of the species of the shells, two of which are supposed to be extinct. The author from these phenomena assigns the deposit to the newer pliocene era; and from the fluviatile habits of some of the shells, he conceives that it occupies the site of an ancient river-bed, and not of a lake. In the course of his paper he points out the inferences which may be drawn from these deposits, respecting the greater change which has taken place in the mammals of this island, than in the molluscs since the era when the gravel was accumulated; and the little variation which the climate appears to have undergone since the same epoch. In conclusion he notices the published accounts of similar deposits at North Cliff, near Market-Weighton, and at Copford, near Colchester, and states that he was informed at Bath, that freshwater shells had been discovered under gravel, in sinking for foundations in the lower part of the city."

"On the Bones of certain Animals which have been recently discovered in the calcareo-magnesian Conglomerate on Durdham Down near Bristol, by the Rev. David Williams, F.G.S."

"The author observes that the calcareo-magnesian conglomerate of the neighbourhood of Bristol has hitherto been singularly deficient in organic remains; but is of opinion that the nature of the conglomerate will account for their absence. He mentions the recent discovery of bones in this deposit on Durdham Down, which Dr. Riley and Mr. Stutchbury have ascertained to belong to Saurians. These bones, he says, as well as the associated fragments of mountain limestone, are angular, and so intimately incorporated with the latter as to constitute a bone-breccia. He has ascertained that the bones

belong to at least three animals, varying in their proportions from those of the *Dracena* of Lacépède, to the lesser varieties of *Monitors*. He afterwards describes a fragment of a small jaw found by himself, which exhibits six distinct alveoli separated by bony partitions. One of the alveoli contains a young tooth, which had made its way to the summit of the jaw: it is hollow from the base to the apex, and consists of a very thin plate of ivory coated by a thinner sheathing of enamel. The form is triangular, the point sharp, and the margin on each side regularly crenated from the apex downwards. From these characters the author conceives that the animal to which the jaw belonged, may have formed a link between the crocodiles and the lizards proper."

"An Account of the Analysis of a Mineral Water from the Island of St. Paul in lat. 38° 45' S., and long. 77° 53' E., by Dr. Bostock, F.G.S."

"The island of St. Paul is stated, on the authority of Capt. Ford and Mr. Houslip, to be of volcanic origin, very rugged in its outline, and to have the form of a bowl, 10 or 12 miles in circumference, into which the sea flows by a narrow opening, capable of admitting a boat. The surface of the island is, in many places, covered with pumice, and at night flames were observed to issue from various crevices in the rocks. With the exception of the Island of Amsterdam, about 40 miles to the north of it, St. Paul's is at a great distance from any land."

"In the hole from which the water was taken the thermometer stood at 212°."

"Dr. Bostock then explains the manner in which he conducted the examination, and gives the following as the earthy constituents of 100 grains of the water:—

Muriate of soda	2.3 gr.
Sulphate of soda053
Muriate of lime340
Muriate of magnesia059
Loss038
	2.790

"He afterwards compares these results with those obtained by Dr. Marcet from water procured from the middle of the South Atlantic; and from the great difference in the saline contents, infers that the water of the island of St. Paul is not merely the water of the neighbouring ocean in a state of dilution, or altered simply by mechanical filtration."

"On the chalk and flint of Yorkshire, compared with the chalk and flint of the southern counties of England, by James Mitchell, L.L.D., F.G.S."

"The chalk of Yorkshire, Dr. Mitchell states, is distinguished from that of the southern counties by its great hardness, by its being occasionally of a red colour, by its being more distinctly stratified, and by its containing veins of calcareous spar. He says, that it is also distinguished by the upper part being always destitute of flints, while in the southern counties the absence of flints in the upper part is an exception."

"The flints of Yorkshire are shown to differ from those of the southern counties by their being, almost invariably, of a tabular form, constituting regular and well-defined continuous layers; by being tougher, and breaking into short small fragments, unfitted for the manufacture of gun flints; by the colour being always greyish or whitish throughout the whole thickness; the crust not being of a different character from the body of the flint. Nodules of iron pyrites are stated to be common in the Yorkshire chalk; but, in that of the South of England, to be confined to the lower chalk without flints."

"In conclusion the author points out the following resemblance between the Yorkshire chalk and that of the N.E. of Ireland, namely, the great hardness of both, and the common occurrence in both of iron pyrites and veins of calcareous spar."

"A Letter from Woodbine Parish, Esq., addressed to George Bellas Greenough, Esq., P.G.S., accompanying a suite of specimens from the neighbourhood of Bognor."

"The collection, referred to in this letter, contained a series of all the fossils hitherto described as occurring in the Bognor Rock, and a suite of specimens of *Chonetes Koenigii* obtained from the rolled shingle on the beach. Mr. Parish also points out, for the first time, the existence of chalk on the shore opposite Felpham, between high and low water mark. He states that it may be traced for upwards of a mile in the direction of Middleton; that at the point where it first appears, it is hard and thickly interspersed with flints, but that further on it becomes soft and the flints are less numerous. Mr. Parish procured from it many of the characteristic chalk fossils. He states also, that near Middleton chalk marl has been long dug at low water."

"A Notice on the want of perpendicularity of the standing pillars of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Naples, by Capt. Basil Hall, R.N., F.G.S."

"Captain Hall observes that the three pillars of the Temple of Serapis now standing, each of which is formed of a single piece of stone, are not strictly perpendicular, but all slope towards the south-west, that is, towards the sea, and from the temple where the statue of Jupiter is supposed to have stood. It is well known the columns of ancient Greek temples, the Parthenon for instance, have an inclination inwards. The slope of the columns in that of Serapis is not great, but very decided, and was established by measurement and by observations on the angle formed by the reflection of the columns in the water, which covers the pavement of the temple at high tides. The floor of the temple is also slightly inclined, for Capt. Hall observed, that, on the recession of the tide, the northern side was left dry, when the water was still some inches deep on the southern side."

"On an outlying basin of Lias on the borders of Salop and Cheshire, with a short account of the lower Lias between Gloucester and Worcester, by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., F.P.G.S."

"Having heard from Mr. Dod of Cloverly that frequent trials for coal had been made in a part of North Salop situated between the Hawkstone Hills and the towns of Whitchurch and Market Drayton, the author visited that district during the autumn of last year. He found that the strata, supposed to be coal shale, belong to the lias, and that they range over a considerable area resting upon red marl and new red sandstone. With the assistance of the Rev. T. Egerton, F.G.S., he has ascertained that this lias occupies an elliptical basin, the length of which from S.W. to N.E. is 10 miles, and the breadth about 4 to 6, the surrounding strata dipping inwards at slight angles. The western boundary only is indeterminate, being concealed by gravel and turf bog. The formation is divisible into marlstone and lower lias. The first is clearly exposed in the hill of Prees, and contains the fossils which characterize it in Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, viz. *Acicula inaequalis*, *Gryphaea gigantea*, and *Pecten aquivalvis*, with an Ammonite, in great abundance, resembling *A. geometricus* of Phillips."

"The lower lias crops out at various points along the exterior of the ellipse, particularly between Moreton Mill and Burley Dam; near the last of which places it is, in parts, bituminous and slaty like the Kimmeridge coal. Near Cloverly and Adderley the lias shale has been penetrated by shafts in search of coal to the depth of 300 feet, and numerous fossils have been extracted, among which are, *Ammonites Bucklandi*, *A. Conybeari*, *A. planicosta*, *A. planorbis*, *A. Communis*, *A. —*, published in Zeiten's Wirttemberg fossils, and four species of undescribed Ammonites;

Astarte elegans, *Belemnites subclavatus* (VOLT, found in the lias of Boll.), *Cidaris*, *Gryphaea incurva*, *G. Maccullochii*, *Modiola minima*; *Pecten* and *Pullastra* (two unpublished species, both occurring at Brora); *Plagiostoma pectinoides*, first published from Brora; *P. giganteum* *Pentacrinus scalaris*, *Gulfuss*; *Rostellaria*? *Spirifer* *Tellina*, *Unio*, *Turritella*, and unpublished *Serpula*?

"Among these fossils some are universally characteristic of the formation, others were first observed in the lias of the distant districts of Brora in Scotland, and of Boll and Banz in Germany. Some of the sinkings produced small pieces of jet or lignite like that of Whitby; others, nearer the escarpment, went through the lias, and reached brine springs in the subjacent red marl.

"Having proved that this basin of lias reposes upon the new red sandstone, the author adverts to the almost unfathomable thickness of strata by which it must be separated from the coal-measures. Three-fourths of this tract of lias are covered with thick accumulations of gravel, sand, and boulders, the nature and origin of which will be pointed out on a subsequent occasion. With this sketch is connected an account of a new base line of the lower lias which the author has laid down upon the Ordnance map between Gloucester and Worcester. It crosses to the right bank of the Severn in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, by Forthampton and Bushley, the lias occupying Longden Heath as an outlier. The lowest strata of the formation are described as graduating into inferior green marls and white sandstone of the new red sandstone at Combe Hill, Bushley, Longden, Ripple, and Broughton Hill, the characteristic strata a little above the line of junction, being thin, flag-like beds of blue limestone and shale, characterized by *Modiola Hillana*, *Ostrea*, *Spines of Echini*, *Gryphaea gigantea*, &c. This clear escarpment of the lower lias is of value, because the same strata are not well exposed in the coast sections at Whitby and Lyme."

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....Nine, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business).....§ 8, P.M.
	Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.....§ 8, P.M.
TUE.	Medico-Botanical Society.....Eight, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers.....Eight, P.M.
	Society of Arts (Evening Instructions).....Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....§ 7, P.M.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April 6.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Various routine business having been transacted, and various donations to the Society's library and collections announced, the following memoirs were read:—1st, Observations upon the destruction of the Scale Insects, *Cocci*, which infest Fruit Trees, by Mr. Inghen, A.L.S.; 2nd, Remarks upon Apodid Larvæ of the Hymenopterous Insects, with reference to the segmental development of the Annulosa in general, by the Secretary; 3rd, Memoir upon the Turnip Fly, and its Ravages, by Mr. J. Main, A.L.S.; 4th, Dr. Ure read an extended account of the Preparation of Silk and Silk Manufactures, together with a statement of the recent improvements in the machinery employed, which now far exceeds that of the French and Italian manufactures; 5th, the President made a communication relative to a mode of proceeding adopted by Mr. Eyton, of Shropshire, which had been found very efficacious in preventing the attacks of the hop-fly, and which consisted of charring the hop-poles previous to their being employed; this process appeared to the members present to be highly satisfactory, as it is known that the parent fly passes the winter upon these poles. Various other subjects of minor importance were also brought forward, and an extended discussion took place, in which

Messrs. Spence, Children, Sykes, Stephens, Yarrell, &c. took part.

The anniversary dinner of the Society is fixed for the 6th of May.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

WE can never hope to have an opera more strongly cast than 'La Gazza Ladra,' as given on Thursday night. Grisi, of course, was *Ninetta*, as brilliant and impassioned as ever. Ivanoff took Rubini's part, and sung it well; Lablache that of the Podestà, in which he revived the air in the prison-scene, long laid aside, and never better (we doubt if so well) sung; Tamburini, as before, played the deserter father, and Brambilla was "Povero Pippo," but without the charming duet 'Ebben per mia memoria!' the omission of this piece gives us occasion for our one complaint; as far as concerns the rest of the music, we never heard it given with so much force and delicacy within the walls of this theatre. Rubini was encored in the scene from 'Il Pirata,' introduced between the acts. The frequenters of the Opera may well rejoice in its present vocal strength! The band, however, was not in such order as we have heard it: we shall look for improvement in this respect. The ballet of 'Nina' was repeated, but without Perrot, who was prevented from appearing by illness.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

This was on the whole, the least interesting performance we have had this season. Maurer's Symphony was a novelty, but not an effective one; the other Symphony was Mozart's 'Jupiter':—the overtures, Beethoven's 'Leonora' and Weber's 'Euryanthe.' Mori played Beethoven's Violin Concerto particularly well; the same may be said of Willman's leading of Mozart's Quintetto. Of the singers, Signora Brambilla, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, and Mr. J. Parry, jun. we have nothing particular to say.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, PATRICIAN AND PARVENU; and KING ARTHUR.
On Wednesday, A GRAND ORATORIO OF SACRED MUSIC.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, LESTOCQ; and FRA-DIAVOLO.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE

WILL OPEN for the Season, on EASTER-MONDAY, April 20th, 1825, with Three entirely New Pieces:—A New GRAND OPERA, written by Miss Mitford; the Music composed by Mr. Parker, of the Royal Academy;—A New COMIC OPERETTA, the Overture and Music by Mr. Tuton; and a New MELO-DRAMA, the Overture and Music composed by Mr. John Thomson.

In the Company will be found the following Performers of celebrity:—Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Giubilei, Mr. J. Bland, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Wrench, Mr. Williams, Mr. Serie, Mr. Osberry, Mr. O. Smith, Mr. F. Mathews, Mr. W. Brunetti, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Salter, Mr. Hemming, Mr. Rumbell, Mr. M'Jan, Mr. B. Hill, Mr. Tibbary, Mr. Romer, Mr. Maitland, Mr. Ninton, Mr. Brunton, Mr. Dubochet, Mr. Morris, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Bowman, Mr. Paulo, Miss E. Romer, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Somerville, Miss Fanny Healy, Miss Novello, Miss P. Horton, Miss Fincott, Mrs. F. Mathews, Mrs. Gordon (late Miss Harrington), Miss Collett, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Endem, Miss Josephine, Miss Isaacs, and Madame Proche Giubilei.

* Notice to the Public.—The Proprietor respectfully announces, that he has been induced, by a general wish, to commence the Performances at Seven o'Clock, and to resume the Second Price, which will be admitted at Nine o'Clock.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

It is surely idle to say that the taste for theatricals is on the decline, at all events in the neighbourhood of this theatre! Why, the people are absolute gluttons at it—there they sit and swallow six pieces of a night, each of them large enough for a moderate theatrical appetite. For ourselves, when we find a management so determined to be liberal, we should prefer their charging half price to giving us a double portion of entertainment—just as we should prefer an innkeeper's reducing the charge to increasing the fare. However, what we think upon that subject signifies little: the audience don't agree with us. We saw, the other evening, a part of a

piece called 'Love and Levity' written by Mr. Perry, but so small a part that we have only to say, that the applause at the fall of the curtain proved the audience to have been in good humour with what they had heard. Next came 'Sponge out of Town,' in which Mr. Wrench was infinitely amusing. It is seldom indeed, that he fails to be so, certainly never when he has to act a hungry part. Set him to hunt a dinner, and no man runs down his game in such fine style. His mercurial spirit plays up and down his barometer of a body as it is raised or depressed by the state of the victualling atmosphere, and shows the varying result upon the index of his face, sometimes in the convexity of hope, sometimes in the concavity of despair.

Next followed 'The Volunteers,' by Mr. Haynes Bayly; the idea appears to be taken from the same French piece which Mr. Morton honoured by making it the foundation of his admirable farce, called 'The Invincibles.' Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Chapman did their best; and the exercise performed by the Scotch female volunteers, caused much merriment; but, with these exceptions, it is a poor affair. Then came 'My first Fit of the Gout,' plentifully improbable as to subject, but well acted by Mr. Wrench, and also by Mrs. Nisbett, as far as the little opportunity she had went, and upon the whole amusing. Then 'Tame Tigers,' by Mr. George Dance. In noticing this piece, we must premise, that after a very amusing and neatly-written light comedy scene, well commenced by Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Chapman, and extremely well continued by them and the two Misses Mordaunt, it plunges into the improbable, and never quits it again until the end, except for the impossible. With this *grano salis* by way of exception, (and again, as the audience don't mind it, why should we?) it is a lively, pleasant little piece, and it was most creditably acted by the four ladies we have mentioned, for no soul but them is concerned. Mrs. Chapman's part could not have been sustained more effectively, or with a keener perception of humour, by any actress on the stage, and Mrs. Nisbett played with great vivacity and spirit. An allusion at the close, to her best exertions having always been framed with a view to the good of her sisters, which belongs, of course, to her part in the piece, having been feelingly delivered by Mrs. Nisbett, was heartily caught at by the audience; and a public tribute to the excellence of private character, formed a pleasing addition to the applause which, without that, evidently awaited the conclusion of the piece. After this we came peaceably away, but there remained 'The Station House' for those who chose to be "riotous and disorderly after twelve."

MISCELLANEA

Metropolitan Pure Water Company.—A company has been formed under this denomination, for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with pure well water, according to the plan suggested in the *Athenæum* a few weeks since. We of course wish well to such an undertaking, and shall be happy to observe its progress, and also report at intervals the probabilities of the success of a scheme of so much importance. In the interim, we can state, as an encouraging circumstance, that the great well described by us as being worked by steam power, at Hampstead, by the water company of that place, continues to supply a superabundance of water, although the steam-engine is in operation by night and day. On Monday last we visited the works, and ascertained that no impression whatever has been made upon the depth, there being at all times a hundred feet of water in the well. The water is also extremely pure, coming from the stratum of white sand which lies universally under the London clay. So evidently exhaustless is the supply of water in this well,

that the proprietors of the Hampstead water-works now regret that the steam-engine was not of double power, although the supply raised by the present one is equal to many thousand gallons an hour. Indeed, in the event of necessity, from the discontinuance or failure of the scheme for supplying well water to the metropolis from wells in town, it appears to us quite clear, that there is an ascertained supply at Hampstead in any event; and if twenty more wells were in operation at that spot, the supplies would remain sure. But as it would be obviously a much cheaper mode of supplying the metropolis from wells directly under foot, it would be preferable that the attempt should be made. It seems, however, that there is one objectionable portion of the scheme of this new company—that which gives to themselves the monopoly of the supply; since it is clear, that nothing will be gained to the town by the supersession of the New River company, if this should become a mere substitution of one monopoly for another. Perhaps each of the parishes should on their own account be supplied with a well, steam-engine, and reservoirs—the sale of water, like the sale of bread or any other commodity, being, not engrossed by individuals or companies, but, in the profits to the parish, and consequent reduction of rates, turned into a benefit to the whole community.

Acclimated Plants.—It is not possible for an informed person to walk during the early summer months, in the vicinity of our great towns, without being struck by the daily increasing number of our acclimated plants. The heliotrope, fuchsia, verbenas, triphylla, many species of geraniums, and others, may be seen growing luxuriantly in the open air, of which starved specimens were formerly nursed in green-houses. Mr. Bushnan ('Study of Nature,') adds many examples of useful as well as ornamental plants; among others, he mentions, that the tetragonia expansa, or New Zealand spinage, introduced by Sir Joseph Banks, only in 1772, and treated as a green-house plant, is now, in the neighbourhood of Exmouth, so abundant, that it has become quite a weed.

Cholera.—This dreadful disease still exists at Marseilles. Dr. Robert speaks confidently of two cures, effected by external application of mercurial ointment, and ice and opium inwardly administered.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.—A statue in bronze, by Pradier, a countryman of Rousseau's, has been placed, with great pomp, in the city of Geneva. It is seven feet high above the pedestal, and has been the result of a subscription, among the contributors to which, we see the names of many clergymen.

Cervantes.—The celebrated sculptor, Antonio Sola, director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, has just completed a bronze statue of Michael Cervantes, which is to be placed in the Square of Santa Catalina, at Madrid, opposite the Chamber of Procuradores.

Monument of the late Baron Cuvier.—The committee for the management of the funds appropriated to this monument, have received 238 works, French and English, which are to be sold for the benefit of the undertaking.

M. de Talleyrand.—It is generally reported in the French papers, that this able diplomatist and extraordinary man has taken care, in case of his death, that the historical documents of which he is possessed, shall be secured to the world. He has long been engaged in writing his memoirs, and his secretary is employed for several hours every day, arranging the materials given him by the prince. The publication of all his political discourses, is to precede that of the memoirs, by which means M. de Talleyrand intends to prove his political consistency. The comparison of his words and actions at different periods, will, he supposes, show that he has never contradicted himself. We do not doubt

his talents for overcoming most obstacles, and, if the above statement be true, we anticipate the appearance of these pages with curious interest.

Rights of Women.—In a country where women possess so much influence, we think that an advocate for their privileges was hardly wanting; however we find, that a Madame Louise Dauriat is giving lectures in Paris every Thursday evening, on the social rights of women.

Candles.—A new substance has been discovered, by M. Lecanu, by exposing tallow to five or six times its weight of boiling ether or turpentine, which completely dissolves it, and which, in evaporating, deposits stearine, a substance which is as inodorous, but does not burn so quickly, as spermaceti.

Black Lead Pencils.—A M. Fichtemberg, of Paris, has invented a combination which is said to possess all the desirable qualities of the pure plumbago, or plumbago, of Cumberland.

Russia.—[Extract from a private letter.]—You will be surprised to hear that the University at Kasan, furnishes its Museum with objects bought at Hamburg; the truth is, that on the continent, where travelling over seas is less the habit than it is with you, we have people that carry on a very lucrative trade in objects of natural history.—I may also mention, that the literary men are anxious to free themselves from the trammels of foreign languages, their own being rich enough in itself to suffice without extraneous assistance. There was no one more eager in this cause than the Russian Ambassador at Teheran, M. Gribojedov, who, you may recollect, was murdered there some years ago. He wrote a play, which was such a favourite, that, before it was published, forty thousand written copies of it were circulated through the empire!

Sicily.—It is stated, by some of the French papers, that an extraordinary phenomenon has taken place at Marsala, in Sicily. After the dreadful hurricane, during the night of the 16th of December, which was accompanied by rain, hail, thunder, and violent agitation of the sea, it was discovered that the roofs of the houses were covered with aërolites, the size of a common walnut, round and extremely hard. The learned chemists of Sicily are busy analyzing these aërial productions. Others of the French papers pretend that nothing more has happened at Marsala than a violent hurricane.

African Expedition.—It is in contemplation to fit out, by subscription, an expedition to explore the unknown parts of Southern and Central Africa, extending between Lattakoo (Litacoo) and the (so called) Mountains of the Moon, including, in its intended route, some of the confluences, if not the actual source and course of the Congo or Zaire. It is proposed that this expedition shall proceed from the Cape of Good Hope in the south, and attempt to egress by way of the great Lake Tchad, at some part on the shores of the Mediterranean in the north.—*Times.*

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

IN THE PRESS.

Record of a Route through France and Italy, with a View of Catholicism, by W. R. Wilson.

Just published.—Sketches in the Life of Gherardo di Luca, post 8vo. 5s.—Illustrations of the Bible, by Westall and Martin, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.—Goethe's Faust attempted in English Rhyme, by the Hon. Robert Talbot, 8vo. 8s.—Literary Fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte, by Richard Andrews, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—The Rationale of Political Representation, by the Author of Essays on the Formation of Opinion, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Sabbaths on the Continent, by Mrs. Sherwood, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Chinese and the English, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Way to be Happy, by Mrs. L. H. Sigouree, 18mo. 1s.—Testamentary Counsels, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Lodore, by the Author of 'Frankenstein,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Boteler's Travels in Africa, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Tales of the Wars of Montrose, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Golden Rules of Life, 18mo. 1s.—Gleig's Guide to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, 18mo. 3s.—Ten Plain Sermons, by Rev. F. W. Fowle, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Plain Sermons, preached at Hampton, by Rev. H. F. Sidebottom, M.A., 12mo. 3s.

—Synopsis of the Extinct Baronetage of England, by William Courtope, Esq. post 8vo. 9s.—Holman's Voyage round the World, vol. 3, 8vo. 14s.—The Stage Coach and Omnibus Rider's Guide, 18mo. 1s.—Philips on Minute Doses of Mercury, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Hayes' Introduction to Conveyancing and the Real Property Statutes, 2nd edit. 8vo. 18s.—Williams on Diseases of the Chest, 3rd edit. 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Chitty's General Practice of the Law, vol. 3, part 1, royal 8vo. 18s.—Gothic Furniture in the Style of the Fifteenth Century, by A. W. Pugin, 4to. 11s. 12s.—Christian's Family Library, Vol. XV., (Wilson on the Attributes,) fcap. 5s.—Practical Observations on the Physiology and Diseases of the Teeth, by John Mallan, 8vo. 5s.—Remember Me, 32mo. 3s. 6d. silk.—A Practical Guide to Executors and Administrators, by Richard Matthews, Esq. 12mo. 8s.—Howitt's Book of the Seasons, new edit. fcap. 9s.—Brodie on the Urinary Organs, 2nd ed. 8vo. 8s.—The English in India, and other Sketches, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 12s.—Journal of a Tour to the United States in the Year 1834, with Hints to Emigrants, by a Citizen of Edinburgh, 18mo. 3s.—Jowett's Fifty-two Sermons, 12mo. 5s.—Rhymes for my Children, by a Mother, 12mo. 2s.—Submission to Divine Providence on the Death of Children, 32mo. 1s.—Prayers in Verse, 32mo. 2s.—Parental Responsibility, addressed to the Followers of Christ, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—The Political Writings of W. E. Channing, 18mo. 3s.—Meditations and Addresses chiefly on the Subject of Prayer, by the Rev. Hugh White, 12mo. 5s.—M'Culloch's English Grammar, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. SWAINSON AND HIS REVIEWERS.

We long since declared our determination, never again to be drawn into controversy with those whose works it is our painful duty to censure; fortunately, on this occasion, we are not even tempted to break our word. Mr. Swainson has indeed just put forth what may be considered a review of his Reviewers; but he had "neither time nor inclination" to notice the review in the *Athenæum*, and its falsehood is best refuted by the volume itself. Be it so; then, why not have left the volume to do its serviceable duty? But, no, Mr. Swainson is pleased to hit at us in some preliminary observations, and here they are:—"When opinions are fairly and candidly stated, in temperate and courteous language, we cannot doubt that truth is the sole object for which the writer contends; and he is, to say the least, entitled to a calm and conciliatory answer. But when, on the other hand, a reviewer sets out with a dishonest and malicious intention, of misrepresenting an author, perverting his meaning, falsifying his statements, and fastening opinions upon him, which he never uttered; when, moreover, from lack of argument, he is obliged to have recourse to jesting, he evidently shows he is neither a lover of science, nor a lover of truth. The two leading Scientific Journals, the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenæum*, have given us, on the present occasion, striking examples of these opposite classes of writers; and this, perhaps, is the best test of their relative merits, of the feelings of their respective editors, and the abilities of their contributors."—"Hard words these," but Mr. Swainson should recollect, that no man is allowed to be judge in his own cause, and therefore "on the present occasion," he was not at liberty to offer an opinion. Had he indeed, spoken as ill of us before, as after the condemnatory review, it would have given us great pain. Mr. Swainson is, we readily and willingly admit, a distinguished naturalist, though with many prejudices, and a sad infirmity of temper; he is one whose opinion, under other circumstances, would be entitled to great weight. Even now we are grieved that he should express himself with such contempt for the intellectual and moral character of the *Athenæum*, its Editor, and contributors, and we may therefore be excused for seeking consolation in, and for publishing the flattering testimony in our favour, of one whose disinterested sincerity, Mr. Swainson will himself admit, was beyond all question.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir, I both read and purchase your admirable paper, and the estimation in which I hold it, will be seen by the quotations made from its columns, in the preface to my second volume of Zoological Illustrations; more especially do I admire the manly, and I hope successful, stand you have made against book-sellers' puffing.

I may add, that I should have pleasure in being a regular contributor to a journal, which in *old matters of science and art, breathes my own sentiments*; so different from those of "the many." I would gladly undertake the review of all works connected with Zoology, but I am an honest—may be a somewhat stern critic. I object not, however, to editorial alterations, so that the sense and meaning is preserved.

I will not stipulate as to the rate of remuneration; for as no price will tempt me to be connected with a publication, which I think poor, so I am content to receive the ordinary rate from such as I esteem.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,
WILLIAM SWAINSON.

Tittenbanger Green, St. Albans.
28th April, 1835.

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